CAPETOWN TO KAFUE

BY

H. J. TAYLOR.

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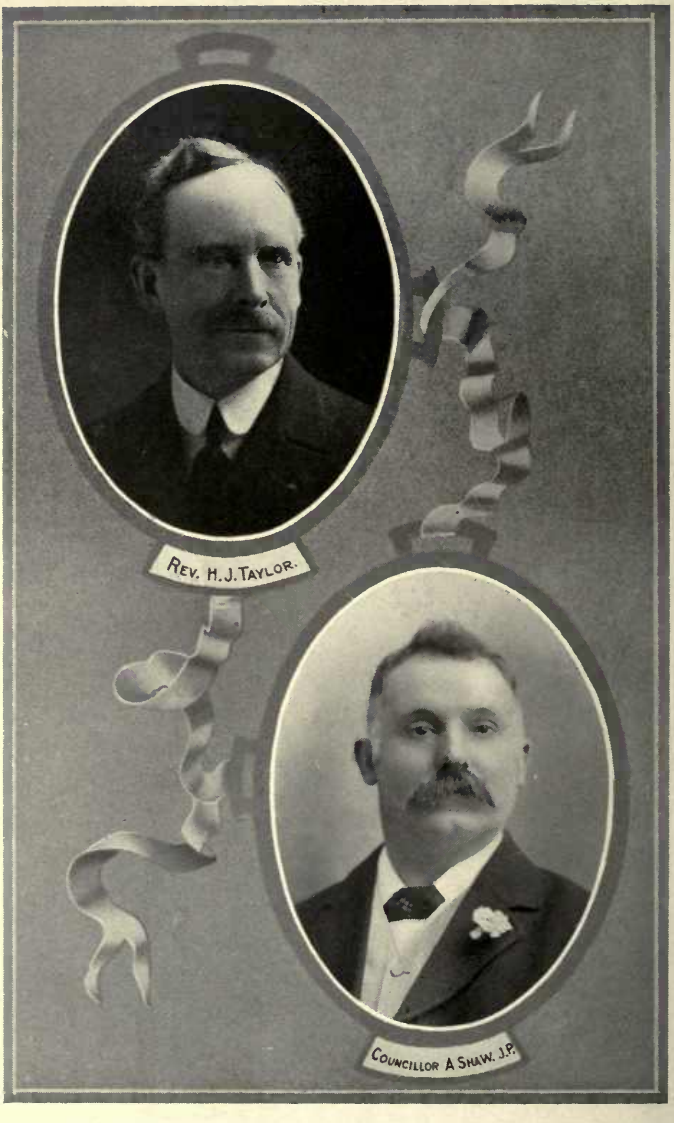
CAPETOWN TO KAFUE.

This book makes its "bow" to those whose requests, official and unofficial, are responsible for its appearance, but not for its defects.


REV. H. J. TAYLOR.
COUNCILLOR A SHAW, J.P.

CAPETOWN

TO

KAFUE.

THE
STORY OF AN EIGHTEEN THOUSAND
MILES JOURNEY.

BY

H. J. TAYLOR.

LONDON:
W. A. HAMMOND, HOLBORN HALL, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.

To My Wife,

WHOSE SELF-SACRIFICE

MADE THIS JOURNEY

POSSIBLE.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a hard, ascending track ;
And just behind me laboured one whose patient face was black.
I pitied him ; but hour by hour he gained upon the path ;
He stood beside me, stood upright—and then I turned in wrath.
" Go back ! " I cried. " What right have you to walk beside me here ?
For you are black, and I am white." I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo ! the black man was not there, but Christ stood in his place ;
And oh ! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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CAPETOWN TO KAFUE.

THE "WHY" AND "WHEREFORE."

THE thoughtful little girl said she liked the curate "because he had no morals." She meant she liked his stories. If this book has any morals, which is by no means certain, it may be as well to set them down on the first page and then, like those of "Green Ginger" fame, they can be "done with" without any further ado.

The story of the first Primitive Methodists going to Africa in the year 1870 is a well-known romance. It came about in this wise. A ship left Liverpool for the West Coast, having on board two members of our Church. They were the captain and carpenter of the boat. They reached Fernando Po in due course and went ashore. They were seeking a cargo of palm-oil, but were alive to the higher things of the Kingdom. The unclothed and untaught natives presented a silent but forceful appeal. They needed the Good News of the Grace of God in Jesus Christ. The carpenter, who was a local preacher, immediately wrote a letter home, urging that missionaries should be sent. That communication was laid before the General Committee of the Denomination, and then forwarded to the Annual Conference. The Conference of 1869 decided to agree to the request as soon as men and money were forthcoming. Then it seems that the matter was laid before the whole Church and carried to the Throne of Grace. That was in the month of June. Events swiftly arranged themselves, and on the 26th day of the following February the first missionaries sighted the island, and our Africa work began.

About the same time the way opened to the beginnings of our South African Missions. Here is another romance. A trader belonging to our Church found himself in the old Orange River Colony for purposes of business. Openings for the Gospel message seemed as clear as doors of trade. He saw them both, and, happily, saw in one a means to the other. Out of what he made in business he decided to assist in the support of a missionary, if one could be sent. He wrote to the authorities in England to say so, and urge the claims of the natives on the banks of the Orange River. Again, without the least delay—they must have had fewer committees in those brave days—the request was granted, and a man sent to Aliwal North. That, too, was in the year 1870.

The faith and promptitude of those days shine forth. With immensely heavy chapel debts, with new and growing missionary responsibilities in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, they yet had the courage to launch missions in West and Southern Africa in one and the same year. It is not within the scope of these pages to set forth the ample justification of that splendid courage. Missions are right if no one is saved and funds are bankrupt. The need of the world is the obligation of the Church. But this twofold venture into the Dark Continent has its vindication in the new vision, liberality, and marked advance of the Denomination at home and abroad from that time to this.

The years having told their tale and brought new problems, every business instinct and spiritual aspiration, combined to suggest another step—the sending forth of two or three members of the Denomination to see what had been done, convey greetings to workers and people, discuss problems on the spot, and advise

on immediate and future missionary policy. Hence the following resolutions :—

FIRST : At the General Missionary Committee held at Burnley, April 23-24, 1913 :

" That in the judgment of this Committee a small but strong Deputation should go out to South and South-Central Africa, and we refer this matter to the Executive with power to complete arrangements ; the Executive to report its recommendations to the next Conference."

SECONDLY : At the Conference at Derby, June, 1913 :

" Minute 205.—*That we confirm the proposal of the General Missionary Committee to send a deputation to South and South-Central Africa to advise on matters arising out of the new developments."*

THIRDLY : At the Executive of the G.M.C., held in London, May 28, 1914 :

" That as the Rev. H. J. Taylor and Councillor A. Shaw will be leaving for South-Central Africa on Saturday next, we heartily wish our brethren God-speed and a safe and successful journey. We feel assured that their visit will result in incalculable good to our Missions, and will inspire our agents on the field and be of great service in helping to make the missionary policy of the future.

" We pray that God's blessing may go with them and His protecting care may be over them and their loved ones while they are away from the home land."

OUT ON THE BRINY.

OUR setting out on this great journey was beclouded with saddest news. The papers of that memorable May morning were filled with the appalling story of the shipwreck in the St. Lawrence, by which hundreds of lives were lost. On our way to Waterloo railway station all the newspaper placards told the tragic tale. It was a little unnerving to set forth on an ocean voyage of six thousand miles amid such a calamity.

Kindly souls assembled at the station to bid us *bon voyage.* Their names and kindnesses are among the treasures of memory. I had gone by boat-train on other days to see missionaries sail for the Cape. The romance and pang of separation had been felt. But this day provided new sensations. It was impossible to say whether joy or sorrow predominated. To leave one's home and much-loved work and face the risks of sea and forest on the one hand, to see Africa and Missions for one's self on the other. Feelings were mixed. "I suppose," said my travelling companion, Albert Shaw, as we steamed out of London, "that we are married to each other for the next six months." It was not easy to reply. "'For better or for worse' we go together," was the only answer. Like most marriages it proved to be entirely for the better as far as the writer was concerned. Albert Shaw stands for good comradeship through and through. Any church is fortunate with such laymen in its ranks and any traveller with such a companion.

Southampton and the Isle of Wight provided other

officials and friends to bid us God-speed. Our berths and all the arrangements aboard the vessel were soon inspected, and, alas, the first trouble met us—a *third* passenger was booked for our cabin, and there he stood. At first sight he looked none too inviting, standing in the crowded cabin among his belongings and ours; he suggested a typical and flourishing publican. Really were our hopes of a cabin to ourselves shattered? Could we not have a place for these seventeen days and nights without a third party and an entire stranger? Would he smoke half the night and drink whisky between whiles? Would he be sober? What sort of a vocabulary had he? What would be his views on politics, economics, religion, and the drink traffic in particular? Seventeen days could not be spent in silence.

We had better see the steward. Perhaps the third party could get a cabin to himself. I suggested to friend Shaw that he should intimate to the good man, who looked none too good, that it was essential for me to be perfectly quiet. Being of serious turn of mind, I was easily upset. No one could be responsible for my conduct under trying circumstances. Or, failing that line of procedure, he should explain that he, friend Shaw, was an awful sailor. No one could possibly sleep in the cabin where he was ill. The Bay of Biscay would be an awful time. Or there was yet another line of salvation. It would be pointed out that one of us was a minister of awfully strict habits derived from Puritan ancestors of the most rigid sort. A very good sort of man, but too good to live with. Explain anything, anyway, which would secure the desired result. But, strange to say, the problem seemed to solve itself, for while moving the various bags and parcels, somehow quite an imposing, well-bound Bible

emerged. There it stood, bearing its witness on the side of Shaw and myself. The publican-like eye fell upon it. Took immediate fright. Concluded that this was no cabin for a seventeen days' voyage, and out through the door he shot. In ten minutes he returned followed by a steward, who picked up the man's belongings and conveyed them to a cabin down below. I almost preached, a few days later, on the expulsive power of the Bible. When I " turned in " that night, I remembered the old man who built himself a house. A fine oak mantle adorned the fire-place of the chief room. On this were carved the words, " I have had many troubles, most of which never came to pass."

The *Balmoral Castle* is a splendid ship of the Union Castle Line. A floating palace of comfort. The line has the reputation of treating its employées with consideration and retaining their services on through life. Many of the officers and sailors abroad regarded the ship as their home, they had been aboard her so long. All the appointments of the boat are thought out to the last detail. They are miracles of completeness. The daily round and common task of all the officers and sailors is not less astonishing. Everything is done with the punctuality of the clock. The management is complete. There were 213 passengers aboard with capacity for 662, and a crew of 292. With years of toil behind me and a six months' break before me, I was alternately puffed up with pride and demoralised all to pieces.

The sea throughout the voyage was on best behaviour. All the gratuitous advice on how to avoid sea-sickness was unneeded. On the ocean I take sea-legs. One thing never brings up another. I was not the man lying on the seat on deck while the boat rolled feeling all over alike and everywhere

miserable. The band had played one or two selections. The collection for the musicians was being made. The collector drew near this wretch lying on the seat —nudged him ; he opened his eyes, and saw the wooden collection bowl held out for his mite. " Oh," said he with a deep sigh, " put it under the seat ; I shall want it soon." I was not that man. Nothing makes a man more pleased with himself than to be well at sea when he expected to be ill and while others are groaning around.

The three hundred and sixty five miles across the Bay of Biscay was a real delight. The Bay, I think, got its bad reputation before men knew how to build ocean liners sitting astride so many waves at once. It is not the only part of the ocean that has been maligned. We talk of the Black Sea, but we know that there is no black sea ; of the Red Sea, but only to find that it is the same colour as every other ; of the Dead Sea, while, as a matter of fact, it is as lively as any sea going ; of the Pacific Ocean, while it is as restless as any of the oceans. So Old Father Neptune in the " Bay of Biscay O " is generally as well behaved as a Methodist saint.

Three days of settling down to the life of an Atlantic liner brought us to the lovely island of Madeira. One of creation's wonders. Seen from the deck of the approaching vessel on a fine Spring morning, it beggars all description. The wide sweep of the amphitheatre-like bay, with its white houses, green background, climbing the mountains 3,000 feet. The fairy hills capped by fleecy clouds, the great blue sky above and beyond, and everywhere, taking everything into its outstretched arms of infinite glory. The perfume of flowers, myriads and various, coming out from the island to greet you. Nowhere does Nature seem more

content with her work. Madeira is the Pearl of the Portuguese Crown.

While the great liner glided into the bay little boats were hastening out to meet us. There were fifty or more. Each boat had two brown youths in bathing costumes with registered number on the breast. A more villainous, noisy, excited, baboon-like set of men do not exist. They were divers seeking coins from the passengers on deck. Shouting, shrieking, gesticulating their requests for money to be thrown into the sea. How they dived. Under the boats, always reappearing with the coin, held up in triumph, and then tossing it to the stern of their boat and shouting for more. Acrobatic fish in human form.

Small boats took us ashore for a three hours' visit to the island. Small Portuguese policemen dressed in dirty blue uniforms stood at ease on the pier. Motors conveyed us through narrow streets, dirty and smelly, to the foot of the mountain railway. An open car, pushed by an ancient-looking steam-engine, soon began the upward journey. Every yard climbed added to the wonder of the panorama lying below. The valleys so profuse in foliage, while far away the glittering sea and stately ships. Up through flower gardens, past waterfalls, snug cottages, while the open car was gradually filled with bunches of freshly-cut flowers thrown in by boys and girls on the roadside running for coppers thrown out. Every yard climbed revealed new glories of scenery. The panorama of Nature! :Mountain and valley, sea and sky, quaint villagers in rustic garb, sleepy cattle, browsing in content and plenty: all this was a feast for the eye beyond the power of words.

Near the top of the mountain the car pushed into the mists of the morning. It was only seven o'clock. The

sun was behind the hills. A thick bank of clouds received us and shut out sea and land, and in five minutes shut us in to a splendid hotel with a well-served breakfast, rounded off with freshly-gathered Madeira strawberries.

The return provided an unique experience. The journey could be made by train or on foot or toboggan. Out of the unusual, we slipped into a high basket-like chair resting on two long rocker-like wood slides in charge of two wiry men, and in two minutes we began the four miles' journey down the track (?) specially made for this mode of travel. On through fairy glens, past flower gardens, miniature waterfalls, round sharp corners, on and on. Everywhere boys and girls tossing flowers into your lap, and calling for coppers. Here and there strange-looking old men, unkempt to a degree, with outstretched open hands on the roadside. Two miles of bumping from side to side, guided by ropes and shouting men, brought us to a sudden stop at the half-way house flush with the road. A Madeira wineshop, where we were expected to drink and stand treat for the perspiring and breathless men. They pointed to the open door and their open mouths. That was their language for men of every tongue. We pointed down the hill, kept our pledge, and saved our money. With a look which meant, "You mean beggars," they renewed the journey, two more jolting, joyous miles to the foot of the mountain. The journey ought to have ended either in a water-chute or the open sea, right alongside the Atlantic liner. That would have been a brilliant termination to a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten morning. But it is not Madeira's way. At the end of this bone-wracking experience, good for a sluggish liver, we transhipped ourselves into an ox-wagon of the

most Oriental type, with four posts, canvas roof, and grey cretonne curtains, drawn by two bullocks through the unkept streets back to the quay. What an experience! Why is it that this island, only three or four days from London, is so little visited. Some one has called its capital "a town out of the Bible." Only there has been no book of Leviticus for its cleansing, and no prophet of righteousness for its saving. Madeira's 100,000 people for these four hundred years have been under Roman Catholic rule. Until Robert Reid Kalley, a brave Scot, went there as a Medical Missionary, almost eighty years ago, Madeira gave no liberty of conscience or worship to any of her people. Many accepted the Protestant faith. But fierce persecution followed. The preacher was imprisoned and then, with the converts, banished from the island. The Romanists sang a *Te Deum* in their cathedrals because Protestanism had ceased. But a few copies of the Scriptures remained. After a time a Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America was allowed, although priests burnt Bibles in public. It was not until the High Court of Portugal decided that the circulation of Protestant Bibles was not contrary to the constitution of the land that toleration became general. The results have been small. But the island itself is a dream of Paradise.

The journey through the South Atlantic was the finest rest-cure of one's life. With absolutely nothing to do, and all your time in which to do it—no letters asking for reply by return of post; no telegrams to call you on an unexpected journey to the other end of the land; no telephone bell ringing before you were up, after you were in bed or at any other hour of the day or night. No connexional committees to attend; no appointment to keep; Home Rule forgotten, Welsh

Disestablishment not mentioned; the Parliament Act far, far away; the House of Lords as mythical as the Knights of the Round Table; no decisions to make except when the steward held the menu-card before your enraptured gaze. The dream of the lotus-eaters realised.

Sports were organised and competitions were keen and popular. Concerts were arranged, amateur and professional singers entering with zest, friend Shaw acting as pianist.

Thoughtless questions were heard throughout the long days of lounging on the decks. Officers had need of patience. "Is the sea going to be rough?" "When shall we pass the next boat?" "Where shall we see land?" "How far are we from land?" Talk of the patience of Job! he must have got a wrinkle from a sailor. But that has its limit. "How far are we from land," replied the "Old Salt" one day —"well, I guess about a mile, if we went straight down."

The weather grew warmer as we neared the tropics. Officers appeared clad not in white robes, but in spotless white. Passengers shed their thicker garbs. One or two as the heat increased got dangerously near to simply their birthday clothes. Sidney Smith would again have wished to take off his skin and sit in his bones. "Ain't it 'ot?" remarked one passenger to the quartermaster. His reply was immediate— "It will prepare you for your future life."

Sundays were as other days at sea, save that sports ceased and public worship was held in the first-class saloon in the morning and on the second-class deck in the evening. The ship's band attended and led the singing. The one service followed the Prayer Book of the Anglican Church, the sermon being all but crowded

out; the other had the characteristics of the Free Churches and seemed to be much appreciated.

As the days wore pleasantly on many friendships were formed. The free and easy exchange of views on all things "round the sun" was a fine feature. Of the passengers many things could be written. They were cosmopolitan enough: Polish, Jews, Africandians, Americans, Europeans of many nations, and Britishers. To mix freely with such a crowd is a permanent education. I learnt more about the Jews than I had found in all the books. And one Bishop and two clergymen, excellent fellows, spent time with me in vain, unless they gained a better view of Free Churchism in general and Methodism in particular than they seemed to have brought out from England.

There is virtue in shipboard acquaintances. You feel that you can be condescending to all you meet, and they have the same pleasant feeling towards you. Beaming benevolence all round, suggesting a shipload of archangels bound for the better land.

WHAT AFRICA MEANS.

" Geographers in Africa's maps
Put savage beasts to fill up gaps.
And o'er inhabitable downs
Put elephants for want of towns."

IT was called the Dark Continent with a lingering look to the past and all that it meant. Unexplored forests, where multitudes of human beings lived with wild beasts and little above their manner of life. For some unexplained reason Africa has been left an outcast among the continents. Civilisation has gone through other lands, scattered its gifts with lavished hands all round the planet. But generation after generation it showed no real concern for Africa. The resources of the continent were ignored, and the unspoken appeals of these dark-faced millions of men, women and children unheard. Africa, in consequence, was the Dark Continent. Perhaps this was because the ample resources of other lands met the needs of the ruling races of men, Africa could be left as civilisation's reserve. Maybe Europe, America, India, Australia, China have for the best of reasons been more easy of access, and allowed to get their civilisation and Christianisation well on the way, because all their allied resources would be needed to thoroughly deal with the evolution of the teeming millions of Africa and the natural possessions of the continent. Whatever the reason, the task remains. It is the last continent to be reached and civilised and Christianised. No future generation of men will find another Africa to be saved. The task is given to the men and women

of to-day. It is all to the good that we are realising what it means—a land as large as China, India, Australia, West and South, Great Britain, and all Europe combined. And we are bracing ourselves for the fray. All sorts and conditions of men are falling into line. Travellers are on the alert, and already four-fifths of the continent are explored. Scientists of every great country are eagerly participating; statesmen, representing the powers of Europe, have already mapped out and claimed all its vast territories. Mining, farming, and other great developments are well on the way. Christian missions with all that they mean for education and general advance are operating from all the coasts toward the centre, and it seems reasonable to predict that before this century is half through, the people of every tribe throughout the African continent will at least have heard the " Good News " of Divine Grace in their own tongue.

So that the " Darkness " is being penetrated. It is gradually departing. Save in big patches the whole land and its people are now thoroughly explored. All who care to enquire can know the general characteristics of the chief tribes ; the natural resources of every part of the country, the features of the great lakes, rivers, mines, forests, plains, deserts, and almost limitless animal life. Dan Crawford even claims to have got to the back of the African mind and explored " Thinking Black." In as far as this is done the uplift of these native millions of Africa will become a dream fulfilled.

The population, perhaps 200,000,000—one-eighth of the inhabitants of the planet—is only 18 to the square mile. The density is five times less than that of Europe, but still considerable, regard being had to the great extent of absolute desert, forest, and other waste land. Over 1,000,000 of the inhabitants are

Europeans settled mainly in the North and South. Over 30,000,000 are of the Semitic stock—intruders from Asia. The rest, about 175,000,000 altogether, may be regarded as the true aboriginal element. Lipsius speaks of them as two classes: *Hamites* in the north, and *Negroes* in the south. They meet and mingle in the region of the Sudan. This broad grouping seems inadequate. There are more than two indigenous stock races and more than two stock languages within the great continent.

The races themselves are freely intermingled both north and south of the Sudan, and linguists give quite a list of basal languages. As in every other country and age, this mixing of tribes and tongues will go on more and more as civilisation, with its means of communication, extends. But things cannot be hurried. Africa is a land of leisure. Habits are age-long. And therefore the different races will demand treatment peculiar to their language and lot in all the areas for long years to come.

France is the largest landowner in Africa, and Great Britain easily comes next. Over 2,000,000 square miles were "red" before the Boer War. The war added 167,000 more square miles. Now Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan are added, the grand total of British territory in Africa is over 4,000,000 square miles—a fourth of the British Empire and almost forty times the area of Great Britain and Ireland.

This area undoubtedly includes the finest lands on the continent. Egypt's glories are proverbial all over the world. The Cape has few rivals in the matters of climate and general comfort; Bechuanaland and the Transvaal are unrivalled on the planet for farms, cattle ranches, gold and diamond fields; Rhodesia, South and North, have untapped agricultural and

mining possibilities; while British East Africa competes with far-famed New Zealand for the chief place among the finest countries under the sun.

A scamper through Africa gives a new idea of the immensity, variety, mystery, tragedy, and the glory of creation. But after Norway, Switzerland, Scotland, and parts of England and Wales, the scenery of Africa is not, as a whole, impressive. Save here and there it lacks anything that could be called grandeur. Its wildness is animal not physical. For hundreds of miles together it is uniform, unbroken, and unvaried. The great Cape to Cairo Railway runs through vast reaches of uninteresting forests, with no outlook or cloud-tipped mountains to break the monotony for hundreds of miles at a stretch.

But taking it all in all, its rivers, lakes, plains, forests, mines, animals, insects, peoples and problems, it still remains the most fascinating of the continents, and perhaps with a place to fill in the providence of God when Europe itself has passed like a dream of the night.

ENTERING THE COUNTRY.

AT five o'clock one morning in the month of June we saw flickering lights in the distance. We knew that the ocean journey was over and Cape Town all but reached. All the world knows that to enter this port at break of day on an early summer's morning is one of the experiences of a lifetime. Few are more beautiful. From the loneliness of the sea to the panorama of mountain and terraced heights capped by the glory of Table Mountain standing full square up into the sky, is an entrancing vision. The sun rushing up throws a swiftly-spreading garment of gold over city, harbour, and towering peak, until the last mist-cloud has vanished, and the eye revels in one blaze of glory over sea and land. The waters of the bay seem almost as smooth as glass and clear as crystal. Seafowl float on the surface, as if quite indifferent to the arrival of an Atlantic liner, and the general movement of ships. The town itself comes up out of the trees, a model of quiet repose, under the eternal defence of Table Mountain. A new sensation of vastness enters the mind. The outlook on land and sky seems unlimited. The clear air gives extended vision. No heavy haze sits on the town. Not a cloud floats in the sky. Everywhere it is one blaze of light in the limitless expanse. England at its clearest is only a suggestion of this.

Cape Town is a city of which to be proud. It has its East and South as well as its West and North, with all their contrasts. But everywhere the air is clear. The warmth of the sun invigorates. Roads

are clean. No stench or sour streets to remind you of English cities. All houses have space on which to stand without overcrowding and land on which little children can at their own door bask in the sunlight. Verandahs are common, and it is no unusual sight to see the men folk clad in pyjamas drinking coffee in the open at break of day. " This Cape," said Sir Francis Drake, " is the most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." It seems to be as healthy as it is beautiful. Its mean annual temperature is 63°F., which is equal to that of Naples, Nice, and the Riviera. It has over an average of eight hours' bright sunshine daily the year round. It has all the variety of any English city, with many extras. It is the oldest of British settlements, but as up-to-date as the latest. Until the union after the Boer War all the Government officials resided here. Now they mostly live in Pretoria where the new Union Buildings (Offices) have been erected at the cost of a million sterling. But the Parliament still meets in Cape Town, and hosts of officials live there. It is the home of all the professional classes. Only Johannesburg rivals it in population, and business turnover. That is entirely due to the mines. Of the five gateways into Africa, Cape Town easily stands first. It is its front door from every land. When the Cape to Cairo Railway is complete it will have a back door, but till then, as Pat said to the detective who was looking for Fenians in his public-house, " The back door was it your honour was asking for ? Sure, the only back door is in the front." This means the constant coming and going of seafaring men from all parts of the world. The streets are always gay with the bright uniforms of naval officers and the clean jersey of " Jack " ashore. Other classes and many races are in evidence. Malays

with headgear and graceful step ; natives of every type at street corners ; coloured girls selling flowers, heather, papers ; Kaffirs driving hansom-cabs and vehicles of every shape, size, and age ; many languages making the streets vocal here and there, shop-windows offering their Oriental, Colonial and British wares. Cape Town is neither Eastern nor Western, but a delightful mixture of both. A medley of cosmopolitan life.

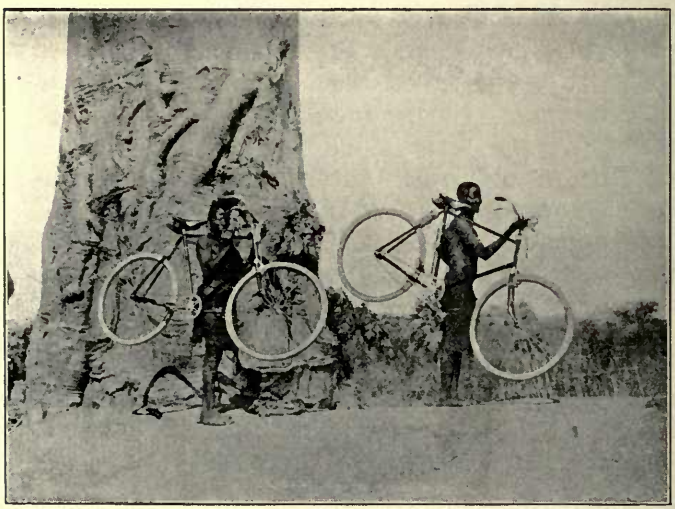
Looking down Adderley Street past the statue of Van Riebeck, the first " commander," the seashore and the blue ocean bid you welcome. Looking up Adderley Street, the famous oak trees greet you, and through this shade you reach the terminus of the Cape to Cairo Railway, the Houses of Parliament, the Government Houses, Public Library, Botanic Gardens, Fine Art Gallery, and the South African College.

The suburbs of the city are specially beautiful. For the most part they climb the slopes of Table Mountain and overlook the sea. They are naturally charming. Nature has left next to nothing to town planning schemes. Trains and electric cars run everywhere. Colonials are not great pedestrians.

The Colour question specially interested me. Its presence is everywhere felt in Cape Town. The European and the Native live quite apart. There is not a single instance of whites and blacks living in the same house. Coloured servants never live in the house of those who employ them, but sleep in out-houses, shanties, or compounds. They never ride in the same railway coaches or compartments of trams. On one of our journeys in the Transvaal we were driving back to the station and made room for a native girl, daughter of one of our members, to ride with us in the small trap, but no resident in the country would have done such a thing. Before the Transvaal came under British

rule, natives were not allowed to walk on the footpaths or gaze into shop windows. Their place was in the horse-road in the centre of the street. The Dutch Church is *the* Church of South Africa, but until this day no native is permitted to enter any of their churches at any time. Nor have they until very recently opened a single mission or built any sort of a church for these people. This has been the general rule with all the Denominations. It is now being relaxed, but with exceptions only tardily. The Boer War has done much for the native, but no miracle has happened. The Dutch dominate British rule, and still rule the Blacks almost with a rod of iron. We had striking evidence of this one evening in the Cape Parliament. The new Land Acts forbid any native to own land, or to go shares, as it is called, with a white farmer in the produce of any farm, or to seek a new situation without the written consent of his present employer. These three facts have only to be set down in cold type in the baldest way to show the acuteness of the racial problem. Whether all this and much else of the same oppressive nature is due to the presence of what is called the Ethiopian Movement, an organization throughout South Africa with the motto, "Africa for the Africans," I do not know. But when the deputation of natives came to England less than two years ago to ask the Colonial Office to prevent the Land Act from becoming law throughout the Union, Mr. Harcourt, graciously suggested that the only course for them was to return and convert the Government to their views. Without the franchise this is almost impossible. A Bantu Provert says: "The African race is an indiarubber ball: The harder you dash it to the ground the higher it will rise." Perhaps there is hope in that.

IN THE PALM GROVE, VICTORIA FALLS.



BOYS CARRYING BICYCLES.

The problem is industrial as well as political, and has extended beyond the African native. At the time of the Boer War, Asiatics were brought over to fill the places of the Kaffirs and Boers called to the front. They came in crowds. And they found Cape Town a goodly land, and therefore they remained. When the war was over the African found the Asiatic in possession of every line of business, such as small grocers, coal-dealers, laundrymen, mineral-water manufacturers, and much else. They under-sell the small African trader, and so take the bread out of his mouth. This, added to the age-long racial troubles, calls for statesmanship of the highest order. Only Christian ideals of brotherhood will be equal to the task.

We had reason to enquire into the religious condition of Cape Town. We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of leading citizens who possessed the facts. The chief churches are in good evidence—Baptists, Congregational, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Lutheran, Greek, Anglican, and Salvation Army are all in full swing. Among them they have over fifty churches in Cape Town, and suburbs. While the Dutch Reformed Churches are everywhere. In view of these agencies we were not impresesd that Primitive Methodism could wisely commence work in this city. Neither a central or suburban church could be established without great cost and overlapping that would be unjustifiable. A further consideration weighed. In the course of a few years it is expected that the *route* to our Rhodesian Missions will not be *via* Cape Town, but Lobito Bay.

GOING UP NORTH.

THE journey from Cape Town to Choma is 1,850 miles. It is about one-third of the ultimate length of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway. Some years will pass before this railroad will be completed. There are two trains a week each way at present from and to Kambove, in the Belgian Congo. They go right forward by day and by night at the average rate of twenty miles an hour. The carriages are replete with every convenience, including pull-out bed—extended seats with bedding at a nominal cost. A restaurant car travels on every train with excellent meals at African rates. These are above the British, and the farther you go up-country, the higher the prices even on the same train. Dry ginger, for instance, is ninepence a bottle in Cape Province, a shilling in the Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia, and eighteenpence in Northern Rhodesia. Thank goodness we did not go any further. The country has the glories of what politicians call Protection, and all who live in it, as well as the foreigners, pay for the luxury.

The journey up-country begins through vineyards and orchards. Cape Town's suburbs are well kept gardens and farmsteads. The train gradually ascends, for it must climb from the coast to the great tablelands of Central Africa, six thousand feet above sea level. The second day brought the unexpected sight of snow-capped mountains. One had never thought of finding snow anywhere in Africa. But there it was, refreshing to see. The conductor of the train said it had been on the peaks for two months. Lit up by the sun it

glittered as on Alpine heights. Native villages lay here and there on both sides of the railway. The merest collection of huts or tin sheds called houses, with semi-wild looking creatures staring at the train. After Worcester, the ascent is more marked. Hex River village is over 1,200 feet up, while the Hex Mountains stand ahead as if to block the way into the continent. They lead to the Karoo tableland. In sixteen miles the train rises 1,627 feet. The Sailor's Mountain, 7,000 feet, is seen in the distance. The scenery here is among the finest of the journey and the most glorious in Africa.

From this point the landscape left a great deal to be desired. For days we seemed to ride on through the most extended and barren wilderness. Dreary country of stones and low-lying brown hills or endless forest of poor bushwood timber, with hardly a green leaf or blade anywhere. Forsaken by God and man. The only glory was the sunshine. That never failed. But the dust! I thought that I had seen and tasted this in certain South Staffordshire towns from my youth up. But I had never been in a land without rain for seven months on end, and such omnipotent sun heat, and therefore had only seen apologies for dust. No motor or succession of motors on a country road at the end of a dry August ever created such a dust storm as gathers about the African mail train passing through De Aar, 500 miles north of Cape Town. It gets into the soup, peppers the bread, lies thick on the carriage floor, fills eyes and ears, and in general gives you all the misery of a coal-heaver or London dustman, without the compensating pay or tips. Our first break was at Tiger Kloof, in Cape Colony. This is the finest native Training Institution in the country, save, perhaps, Lovedale, near East London. We arrived at

the unearthly hour of six o'clock on Sunday morning. Most long journeys on the African railways seemed timed to end between midnight and six a.m. Our arrival at Choma later on was just a little late, but that was at seven in the morning. Before leaving England we had intimated to the Principal of Tiger Kloof that we wished to see the Institution, and intended to make a brief stay. A wire was forwarded a day or two before our arrival, but Africa is the land of leisure, and it only turned up thirty hours after our advent. Consequently, we were not met. The day was just at the dawn. There was no station-master or porter at what is called the station—a place where passengers are put down near a board on the line bearing the words "TIGER KLOOF." A stray native was there by accident. He knew not a word of English. We knew little else. But the bright morning sun swiftly chased the darkness, and then the Institution, with its stone buildings and bright red roofs amid green trees, lay back to the left of the line five minutes away. Imposing is the word to use. Only Cape Town could show anything comparable in the way of buildings. And Tiger Kloof left Cape Town College far behind. A well-placed board of immense length facing the railway announces :—

"THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY TIGER KLOOF NATIVE INSTITUTION.

INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL,"

and behind this north and south stretches the various blocks of workshops, schools, dormitories, dining-room, and Church and masters' residences. John Oliver Hobbes said : "If you consider an ideal impossible, you are a fool to give it a second thought. If it is possible, you are a coward to accept anything less." The Rev.

W. C. Willoughby has seen over twenty years in African mission work, and from the first has had a great ideal of a Training Institution for the natives. He is unusually endowed. His gifts and devotion have won for him a chief place in the educational and general councils of the Union Government of South Africa. He enjoyed the confidence of the old native King Khama to an unusual degree. This made possible a site on both sides of the railway and reaching three miles, rich in stone quarries, timber and deep water supply. The Arthington Trust has also been generous to a degree to this Institution. But the ideal and its magnificent development will ever remain to the credit of the first Principal, W. C. Willoughby, and Mrs. Willoughby.

The aim is to assist in raising the churches of Bechuanaland and Matabeleland to such a point of intelligence and devotion that they will need European missions no longer. All missionaries are regarded as organisers and advisers rather than pastors and evangelists. The day is to come when they will be able to entirely withdraw and leave the evangelisation of that great area entirely to native teachers and ministers. The Tiger Kloof Institution is working toward that goal. Since its beginning, eleven years ago, 500 boys and young men have entered. Three hundred of these have completed their training and passed to their life work. Two hundred are now in residence. There is a Normal Department, Scholastic, Industrial, General, and Theological Departments. Each has an European master. All instruction is given in English, and everything is done in the most up to-date methods and on sound business principles.

Our visit covered a Sunday. The worship of the day was a delight never to be forgotten. The two hundred boys filed in as if on parade. Nothing about

the management is left to chance. Punctually on the stroke of the clock the Principal and the staff in their collegiate caps and gowns entered together and ascended the raised platform which filled the southern end of the building. Here was a reading-desk, central pulpit, harmonium and stalls. A brief responsive service, prepared by Dr. Maclure, Head Master of Mill Hill, was beautifully rendered, the Principal leading. Mr. Shaw presided at the instrument. I preached. A more reverent service was never held in church or abbey in any land. The singing left nothing to be desired. We literally worshipped the Lord in spirit and in truth. After that sight of two hundred natives aiming to order their lives in Christian ways and largely succeeding, it became impossible to doubt the ultimate salvation of all the millions of Africa. What had come to pass here could take place everywhere. Tiger Kloof shows *the* way as well as demonstrates the fact. The native is to be reached *through* the native. Hats off to W. C. Willoughby and the staff of the Institution.

While we were there the building scheme was being completed by the erection of a Girls' School within the grounds half-a-mile farther up the line. The buildings are of stone, put up by the boys, and will provide residence for a hundred or more girls. It is a necessary addition to this invaluable Institution.

The Brass Band of the School, clad in new uniform, escorted us to the train on our leaving Tiger Kloof. When the train stopped at the siding to pick us up, it seemed as if the whole of the passengers alighted to gather round the band and listen. Here, five hundred miles from Cape Town, far away from all populations, was a smart, well-trained native band, thirty strong, excellently rendering fine music. A fitting close to memorable days and impressive experiences.

After this two more long days and longer nights in the train through Kimberley and Mafeking brought us ultimately to the far-famed

VICTORIA FALLS.

One of Creation's wonders. In the line of water falls the greatest. Livingstone discovered the Falls in the year 1855. The initials of Livingstone were carved on a tree by their owner, and a tree is pointed out on which the letters "D.L." are barely discernible. The Falls are a full mile from end to end, and here and there broken by islands and rocks, so that a complete view is impossible from any point. This detracts somewhat from the first impression. But when fall after fall has been seen, with its rushing torrent over basaltic rock, dropping hundreds of feet and converging in the whirlpool and Boiling Pot, the spray rising up like a mountain of mist, and seen through that clear air twenty-five miles away, there is nothing to do but gaze and admire in silence. The *Mosi oa Tunya* (the smoke that thunders) it is called by the natives. Until quite recently the Niagara Falls were considered the most wonderful on the planet, but in width and depth they are eclipsed by the monarch of South Africa, which is twice as broad and two and a half times as high. There is a story about the relative beauties of the Victoria Falls as compared with those of Niagara. One day an Englishman and an American stood side by side and gazed with speechless admiration on the main Falls of the Zambesi. Then the American observed:

"I guess it's fine, but Niagara knocks spots out of it."

Two years later, as chance would have it, the two met at Niagara, and the American observed:

"Fine, but I guess Victoria Falls just beat these hollow."

"What," exclaimed the Englishman. "But when we were there you gave the palm to Niagara!"

"Yes," answered the Yankee, "but I hadn't seen Niagara then."

The peculiarity about these wonderful Falls is that the whole country above them seems at the same level as below them. One looked for lofty mountains with melting snow peaks to supply all this volume and rush of waters. But no. Whence they come is another story, and what this utilitarian age will yet do with all this natural energy is still another industrial romance awaiting use.

The two days at the Falls were all too brief for the glories to be seen. Sunday afternoon found us crossing the Zambesi to Livingstone, the capital of Northern Rhodesia. The journey is some five miles up the river. We had our first sight of "hippo'"—the natural submarines of African rivers. The plague of every journey; the enemies of bathing for man or dog. Every traveller who shoots one has it counted to him for righteousness.

Livingstone is a township of perhaps 300 whites and many natives in their employ. It boasts several good hotels and handsome shops and public buildings. Government House and grounds being the most imposing. Streets are wide, with houses here and there, and long open spaces awaiting the builder, and he in turn is awaiting population. Sand is everywhere. Roads are lined with it. Cycle riding is almost impossible. The township is flat, or, as the Southport people prefer to say of their beautiful town, level—there being a great difference between level and flat—especially when applied to heads.

The seat of Government was formerly at Kalomo; we saw the ruins of half-finished buildings. Rumour

has it that the change is not for the better, and may not be permanent. The officials find the heat of this comparatively low-lying sand-covered town specially trying.

We opened a mission here years ago, but ultimately withdrew. We carefully considered the situation and concluded with the wise man: Better is the end of a (this) thing than the beginning. There is not scope for our church. The population is too small. The atmosphere is unfavourable to a church with our traditions and ideals. We have never had the genius, or shall I say characteristics, for work among the purely Government official class, whose ideals are in the House of Lords. A small Anglican Church with a resident Bishop meets this need and exercises a valuable ministry.

Having reached a conclusion on this matter, two other subjects received attention.

The first was the tenure of missionary lands we occupy in the country. Our policy from the first has been to cast about for unreached populations in various areas. To decide upon a suitable centre from which to operate among them. To fix on a site and begin building mission premises. No negotiations for land took place. At the start there was no one, at least in evidence, to approach. There was no idea of trespass or taking land otherwise needed. The "illimitable veldt" was available. White men were almost unknown. Natives shrank away in the dense forests. Save for a hut or a cluster of huts, here and there, and scores of miles apart, the whole unused land was before us. The missionaries in fixing sites therefore became "squatters," with the romance and deadening drudgery of it all. Years passed by. Buildings grew up; churches and schools, workshops and dispensaries

were established, and natives saw all these new things under the sun.

Native commissioners and other Government officials out on trek found these mission centres and paid friendly calls. They cheerfully approved the work, made friends of the missionaries, and treated them with true comradeship. They were co-workers in the country's welfare. Our men interviewed resident magistrates and the officials at the seat of Government, made known their work, and took council with the authorities. Then they began to make requests. The first was for concessions of land—the land already occupied. All such requests were carefully considered, and most of them fully granted on very easy terms. Full titles are officially promised in the usual way when the lands have been surveyed, and this is done as early as possible. In the meantime we have secured Government Permits of Occupancy. The price of the land in all cases is 3d. (threepence) per acre. The other charges for all the lands now occupied will total to a little over £100. There is an annual quit-rent of 2s. per 100 acres at Kasenga, and of £1 total in each of the other three stations.

The Missionary Conference was the other important event of our visit to Livingstone. For many years our men have cherished the idea of a general conference of all the missionary societies working in Northern Rhodesia. When they entered on the great task of translating the New Testament into Ila they invited representatives of three other missions using the language to join with them in revising the manuscript, so as to secure a revision acceptable to all. At this meeting, held toward the end of the year 1913, it was decided to invite all the societies to consider the question of forming a General Conference, and the Revs.

J. W. Price and J. E. MacLennan were appointed to organise it. It was timed for June 29th, 1914, at Livingstone. The following societies were represented: Paris Evangelical Mission, Primitive Methodist, Brethren in Christ, Universities Mission, and the Wesleyan Methodist.

The whole of the missionary work in Northern Rhodesia, except that of the Roman Catholics who declined to attend, for the first time came under general review. The geographical boundaries, translation, educational, medical, and industrial aspects of the missions were considered. But it was an impressive sight to look upon this handful of ordained missions, totalling to twenty-five, with a field larger than Great Britain to cover. What are these in such an area? If they were increased four-fold, there would still remain much land to be possessed. The native membership in all the missions is just over two hundred—this out of a population of about 800,000. It is first the "blade," then the full corn in the ear.

The Conference elected the Rev. Edwin W. Smith as its first President. This indicates the leading position he has in the country.

A night journey from Livingstone to Choma will not be forgotten. There was no passenger train for two days, and to save time we joined the goods train about 10 p.m. and tried to rest in the brake van. Three other passengers were already in possession when we entered, and had wisely appropriated three of the four corners. One of them spent the night in eating and smoking cigarettes. I spent the night wishing for the morning. The cold was intense, and the wood floor of a van only served to make luxuriant the following nights in a camp bed.

Soon after daybreak we were at Choma, the railway

station for the Zambesi Valley Mission. We were a disreputable pair as we turned out of the van, unwashed after such a night. We were never told what the natives who had come up from Kanchindu to meet us thought of us. Whatever we were, we were not *white* chiefs, except relatively. But we were soon set thinking of them. For they were a motley crowd! They were unclothed, unwashed, and uninviting. Tall men, short men, with fierce mien and angry jaw-bones. Most of them carried spears, a few held battle-axes. All had piercing eyes that looked us through and through—veritable X-Rays.

The Rev. J. R. Fell, clad in white and crowned with a generous helmet, gave us a greeting that banished the sensations of the night, and conducted us to the camp amid the trees, where he and the boys had been awaiting our arrival for several days.

Breakfast was at the hotel—so called by a Christian exaggeration of courtesy. It consisted of two rooms and a store, with bedroom huts outside. This "hotel" with the station-master's house, and the railway station consisting of two corrugated rooms and a couple of cottages, made the township of Choma. But withal it was a place of comfort and good fellowship. The topics raised by Mr. Fell! How were things going in the old country? From out of the silence and seclusion of the Zambesi Valley he had brought up to the railway a great hunger for the latest news. The themes discussed at that first meal could be expanded into a volume, but the missionary's craving hardly lost its first keen edge. The next month of journeyings only partially answered the questions after a two years' absence from the home land. From this point we journeyed down to Kanchindu.

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

BEFORE telling of exploits east or west of the railway, Rhodesia itself claims attention. It is a matter of common knowledge that this great land was formerly called Zambesia, Gama's "River of Good Signs." It was re-named Rhodesia in recognition of the great work of Cecil John Rhodes. Few men, even in British annals, have done more for the Empire of which he was so proud, and certainly he is easily first in Rhodesia. He seriously believed that it would be for the good of Africa, and many other lands, to paint them red. British rule stood for freedom and progress. Where the flag went civilisation followed. He therefore used every means at his disposal to extend the bounds of Empire. The son of an Essex clergyman sailing to Africa for his health, he swiftly amassed a great fortune in the diamond diggings. An unusual course followed. He returned to England and entered at Oriel College, Oxford. For several years his time was divided between Africa and the University. But he took his degree, and then entering the Cape House of Assembly as Member for Barkly, he rapidly moved to the front bench and became Prime Minister in 1890. Many great schemes were launched. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway, African Continental Telegraph, the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal, and the coming of Bechuanaland and Rhodesia under the British flag are only a few of the vast achievements he promoted. He enacted a law to protect the native from the white man's drink. There is a law against giving or selling intoxicants to natives, and the law is enforced. He was not always

Puritanical in his methods, but he was absolutely unselfish. He freely gave his wealth and his life to the service of the Empire. Cape Town has placed his monument high up on the mountain side. It is called the " Rhodes Memorial "—a statue by G. F. Watts, entitled " Physical Energy." It shows a young barbarian on a horse flanked by a Greek temple, approached by many steps with bronze lions couching on either hand. That is the man. Below towards the valley stands the old Dutch homestead where he sometime lived—Groote Schuur. By his generosity it is for ever the official residence of the Prime Minister of the Union Government.

Bulawayo, which he did so much to develope on a vast scale, has erected its statue in the chief square of the city. He still seems to rule, while his remains lie in the Matoppo Hills, far " far from the maddening crown "—the famous World's View. It is impressive to stand on the summit of the hills, ragged, barren, and silent save for the call of the wood pigeon in the distance and the buzzing of insects, and watch the lizards dart from under the great boulders.

" Cecil John Rhodes "

is the plain inscription on the flat granite slab covering the grave. No description—for all the world knows. No date—for he is a son of the ages.

Northern Rhodesia, where our South Central African Missions are, is a great land of promise, bounded on the south by the Zambesi River, on the north by the Belgian Congo and German East Africa, on the last by the Nyassaland Protectorate, and on the west by Portuguese West Africa, while, for some unknown reason, German South West Africa has a narrow neck of land like an outstretched arm reaching two hundred

miles through British territory practically to Victoria Falls, and so touching both Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Immediately the war broke out we saw British soldiers guarding the bridge at this point.

Except Livingstone, there is no town of any size in the whole country. But several are prospected. The white population in 1914 was 2,019, of which 261 were officials, 378 women, and 425 children. Northern Rhodesia is much larger than Great Britain. Extensive farmsteads are mapped out, and many are being worked especially on the Kafue. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Wolverton, Lord Winterton, and Major Irvine, are only a few of those who own or occupy land on the river. North and south of this, excellent land is being used with great profit, 900,000 acres are held by British farmers, 23,000 are under cultivation, while there are countless acres awaiting use. Indeed, Northern Rhodesia is only partially populated and largely an unused land.

The staple crop of the country is maize. Tobacco and cotton are also grown. Soil and climate are favourable for both. We gathered cotton growing wild on the Zambesi. Cattle ranching is everywhere found profitable. Some ranchers have swiftly amassed extensive stocks.

There are difficulties, as in all new countries, and in old ones for the matter of that. Production is one, and Distribution is another.

Africa has more rain makers and less rain than most countries. Seven or eight consecutive months in the year are without a drop, while the sun shines brilliantly for an average of eight or nine hours a day. Fields, forests, and plains are dried up and brown as berries. Small rivers are empty, and the great water-ways are unnavigable at frequent intervals, even by boats of shallow

draught. Irrigation is unknown, and for the most part the high plateau being without undulation the storing of water, such as is common in Egypt and Cape Colony, is extremely difficult, and without great financial resource impossible. Water-wheels are used in places; Mazabuka has many. But that is mostly a cattle area. To erect enough for general farming is beyond existing resources. Rhodes secured in perpetuity a percentage of the profits of the De Beer mines toward constructing the great Cape-to-Cairo Railway, if North Rhodesian mines unexpectedly develop and part of the profits, when they come, are to be used to solve the Rhodesian water problem, the farming prospect will greatly improve.

Insects are a second problem. Tsetse, ants, and mosquitos: they are as illusive as the heroic De Wet, as continuous as time, and worse than all the plagues of Egypt. Where tsetse is, domestic cattle cannot live. Dogs, horses, oxen sicken and die. Men get sleeping-sickness. We walked and cycled through eighty miles of this fly, taking four days, and never saw a dog, a cow, or a horse. Under this restriction, land cannot be tilled without motor ploughs. Costs prohibit these. We talked tsetse with farmers, native commissioners, and magistrates. Theories of extermination are on the boards. They breed in trees and live on animals. If all the forests were destroyed and the wild game ended, tsetse would cease. So some believe. But who can cut down these hundreds of miles of forests and then go on keeping them down? They have planted themselves, at least man has not done it. They would do it all over again unless armies of vigilant men prevented.

Then the wild animals! Who wants these destroyed. Not the Government, not the hunters who gather from

all parts of the world, not the utilitarian or native loving instincts of mankind. But if every animal of the forest were gone, the tsetse pest might still live on oxen, sheep, dogs, cats, rabbits, rats, mice, and, judging from what we suffered and the blood we lost on that one journey, on human beings.

The tsetse works by day and the mosquito by night —it is a "shift" arrangement. When the sun goes down the one goes off duty and the other comes on. This pest is receiving drastic attention, for his ways are known, and his power is being thwarted and will be destroyed.

The white ant is exasperating. He greedily works both day and night, as if eight hour bills had never been named. His name is legion. When the forest trees have reached maturity he appears as a woodman. From the soil below he carries hods of clay in his mouth and gradually builds an encasement round the trunk and upwards. The inside of this is his workshop. There he toils and eats, and eats until the tree is eaten through and too weak to stand. Down it comes. This is why the forests of Africa are bestrewn with fallen trees. But that is not the worst. The door-posts, window-frames, and rafters of the Nambala Mission House are eaten away. The room in which I slept has a concrete floor on which were little mounds every morning, raised by the burrowing ants during the night. So everywhere. Ant-proof zinc courses are useful and sometimes effective barriers against their inroads—sometimes.

To these problems of production on the one hand, there is added that of distribution of farm produce on the other. Where is the market for maize, cattle, cotton, tobacco, and what not? The white population of the country is little, about two thousand all told.

They cannot consume what could be produced in a land larger than Great Britain. The natives are without money to buy, and if fully employed at the standard rate of pay, fourpence a day, that would still be a negligible purchasing power. Markets must therefore be found further afield. But where? All the countries surrounding Northern Rhodesia can produce what they need and more, save perhaps the Congo. Its market is small. The railage to the seaboard is almost two thousand miles. That is a heavy charge on transit. When Lobita Bay is linked to the Kafue Bridge by the opening of the new East-to-West Railway, the whole situation in this respect will be changed. It will shorten the railage by one half, and the ocean transit by quite as much, and so put Rhodesia in touch with all British and European ports. An 18-knot steamer will reach Plymouth in eight or nine days. The English noblemen who are buying great farmsteads on the Kafue River have this prospect in view. This with engineering and science dealing with water and insect problems will doubtless secure the future prospersity of this sunny land.

The Government of Rhodesia is in the hands of the British South Africa Company. A charter was granted to this company in 1889 with the right of operating in the region lying immediately to the North of Bechuanaland and to the North-west of the South African Republic and to the West of the Portuguese dominions. The promoters of the company were the Dukes of Abercorn and of Fife, for President and Vice-President, and the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes as Managing-Director. His Honour the Administrator is appointed by the Crown and resides at Livingstone, the seat of Government. The offices of the company are in

London. Its charter has just been renewed for ten years, on condition that Rhodesia may be granted self-government if the people desire it, and the Imperial Government considered it desirable. Whether at the expiration of that term Northern Rhodesia will become part of the Union of South Africa or an independent Protectorate, is a decision on the knees of the gods.

THE RHODESIAN NATIVE.

HE is the lowest of all the Africans we have tried to reach. Physically he is muscular, rather under than over-sized, carries next to no flesh, is unusually slight of limb, has a low brow, a woolly-covered head, and with front upper teeth knocked out. He is practically unclothed and unwashed. Soap is unknown —water is scarce, save at the rivers, and they contain crocodile and hippopotamus.

Mentally he is not unendowed, but entirely unfurnished. He is absolutely uninformed about everything included in the great word Civilisation. Living two thousand miles from the sea, he has all these centuries been shut in the darkness of Darkest Africa.

Socially they live in huts made of poles and daub and thatched with long grass. There are no windows, only a door-way. In most villages they cook out in the open, but where they do it in the hut, the smoke gets away as best it can ; there is no chimney. These huts have earth floors, no furniture save a native stool or two ; they sleep on the floor wrapped in a brown Kaffir blanket. Huts are not cleaned out. When the filth makes getting-in difficult, they build another hut and leave the old one to the goats, rats, and ants.

The life of the native centres in marriage. It is *the* theme of talk from earliest to latest years. Wives are bought, a few goats or sheep being the price. Girls of tenderest years are betrothed to boys or to men old enough to be their fathers or grandfathers. Years are not considered. The first suitor or biggest price secures the girl. Marriage is consummated while in

the 'teens, and is attended with conditions which are an outrage on decency, ethics, and humanity.

Polygamy is general. The more wives a man has the more he is respected. One old rascal we met had nineteen. Imagine a man with nineteen mothers-in-law. Oh, the raptures of perennial delight! The many compliments he would receive in the village chit-chat day by day.

Women are the slaves of the men. They till their gardens, grow their tobacco, cook their food. When the mealies have been pounded into meal and made into porridge, the staple article of diet, the wife carries it in a native bowl to where her lord of creation happens to be sitting out in the open; approaches to within two or three feet, and sets it down before him, then retires gently backwards! No woman ever eats with her husband.

The men build the huts, hunt, go on journeys as carriers when they are practically coerced, but their chief occupations are smoking, talking, and sitting—Sitting in the village with plenty to eat is their heaven of heavens. Energy is not their besetting sin. Work is foolishness unto them. Why should they work? they ask you. They have no needs, beyond providing 10s. a year for tax. No house rent, rates, taxes, no tailors' bills or dressmaker's accounts; no tradesman's accounts, no tickets to buy, or school fees to meet; no collections or seat rents. Man wants but little, his wife provides it from the garden; there is nothing to pay. Why should he work? The Kanchindu missionary gave the natives paw-paw trees. In ten or fewer years they would so increase and yield food that famine would almost be impossible. But each tree requires a bucket of water a week; rather than fetch this from

the river, the native allows every tree to die, while he trusts in providence.

Morally, he is low. Could hardly be lower. In some areas he has no words for home, righteousness, love, or pity, because the qualities they signify do not exist. A thing neither existing nor imagined gets no name. But for everything of the flesh and the animal in man the native has an ample vocabulary. Nor is this the worst feature of their ill-fated lives. The most revolting conditions and customs of life are thought to be religious. Only by doing these things can they appease the departed spirits or secure their own unending existence. It is this age-rooted belief that distressed the mission worker. Pascal said that "ideas rule the world." To change customs and life, ideas must be changed. The missionary's task is therefore clear. But its execution is supremely difficult. All he advocates is contrary to the tribal faiths of these ill-fated people, and to lead a people to view all their history, their ancestors, and their religion as wrong, is a commission for the mighty, and a task for the years.

What is to be done ? These people are at the bottom of the human scale. They could hardly be lower than they are. Convinced evolutionist as I am, I find no trace of moral, intellectual, or social uplift in these tribes. Left to themselves, these many generations, they have been stationary. Everything about their lot holds them in the grip of fate. Fates in which they ardently believe. And evil spirits which people the trees, forests, rivers, everything, and by day and by night seek their hurt. Fears ever possess them. Hope is unknown. Life is a drawn-out gloom of despair. To leave them to their lot is the easy course. It costs no sacrifice or blood. But that is the great illusion as Norman Angel would say. To do nothing for them

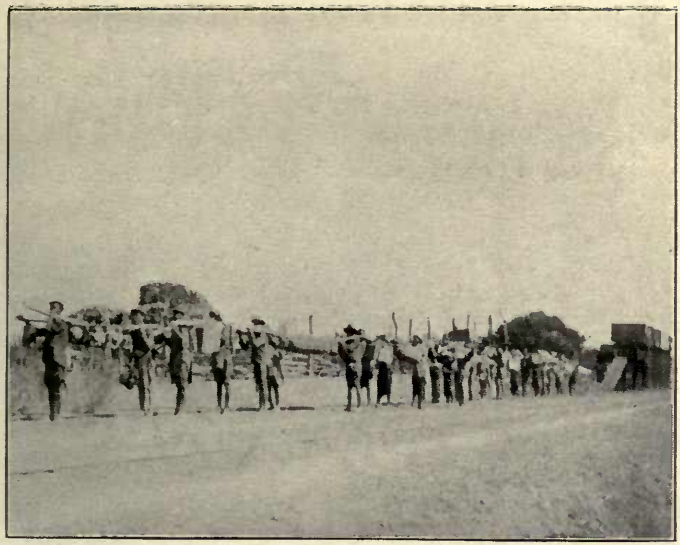
is to neglect a Christian duty, to disobey Christ, to personally deteriorate, to loose the bloom of our own religious experience. Whoever fails to extend religion gradually loses it. Shut up in one's own soul, it dies, for it is of the nature of love. When the churches rushed forth with their impassioned evangelism they saved their own souls. When the going-forth to others abated, the fires of conviction and holy rapture smouldered and died in self. This will still be true of nations, churches, and individuals.

Nor is this all. What will become of the native? Who will give him the light and lead him in the way of life that is life indeed? There are only three agencies to do this in Northern Rhodesia. The Government is the first. Will they do it? They have no far not attempted. Ought they? Is it the business of governments? Are they constituted of prophets, much less of priests? No government in history has been so. Nor does any such government now rule on the planet! Governments in democratic countries are executive officers to do what the people have willed. Sometimes they do it; but seldom without pressure, often after unpardonable delay. The natives of Rhodesia will never bring any pressure to bear on any government in the way of Christianisation. Nothing will ever be done along that line.

The second agency that may help the native is the white settler in the country. The farmer, trader, and Colonial. What will he do? Precious little. He generally disapproves of any effort to lift the native. Education, in his view, ruins the native. He would not give it. He holds the old belief, once common among the favoured of Britain. Education would spoil the working classes; schools in the villages would ruin England. The delusion has now left every

educated mind in Great Britain, but it has had resurrection in the new lands of Africa. I found it to be general in Rhodesia, and therefore concluded that those who are haunted by it will never lift a sacrificial finger to help the native to the rights of manhood.

The only remaining hope, therefore, of their ever being civilised and Christianised is the Missionary with the Good News.



LEAVING CHOMA WITH KIT.

ARRIVAL AT KANCHINDU: CARRIERS AND KIT.

DOWN TO THE ZAMBESI VALLEY.

IT was quite a new experience. When we turned out of the railway van at Choma on that July morning we were on tip-toe of excitement and anxiety. Treking was about to commence and there were hundreds of miles of it to be done. Whether flesh and blood would stand it, get through or even survive, could not be said. Our itinerary had been several times revised, all with a view of saving time, and its final revision on the verandah of the hotel at Livingstone had created alarm in the minds of the experienced. We should kill ourselves; we ought to remember that we had been sent out to return and report, not to be buried; who would be responsible if such speeding-up prostrated us in the forest miles from everywhere?

Well, all that could be said in reply was that we took the entire responsibility. We anticipated neither sickness nor death, but hard travel, great experiences, and complete success. And with "courage nailed to the sticking place," as Shakespeare enjoined, we sallied forth more confident than anxious.

But now we were at the real point of the "treking." Everything that experience and generous labour could do to make the beginning easy had been done. Mr. J. R. Fell had mustered enough boys on his station to carry our kit, and brought them up to Choma. There they stood, over forty strong, awaiting our pleasure. The first business was to divide our belongings into lots of not more than fifty pounds each, the regulation weight for each boy to carry. A small weighing-machine from the railway station hard by

was commandeered for this purpose. Where a box exceeds this weight, something was added to make it a hundred pounds, and two boys took it swinging on a pole from the forest. They judged boxes and bundles by their size. One man demurred to a rather large box that was thirty pounds, and gleefully carried off a small box of cartridges weighing sixty. And the bicycles. We had purchased two with thorn-proof tyres, and where we could not ride, which turned out to be almost everywhere, boys were to push them. One was given to an old boy. He was shown how to stand beside it, hold the handlebar, and push it along. He laughed with great glee; they all roared with merriment; a new thing under the sun. The pedal would strike his unclothed shins; the thing would fall over and pull him on the top of it. It was the silliest thing in Africa, and the most dangerous. When all attempts to *push* the thing completely failed, it was lifted on to the boy's shoulder: he could carry it. That suited him immensely. He rejoiced like a boy with a new toy. And so it came to pass that he carried that new cycle for four days, a journey of ninety miles to Kanchindu.

With wise consideration, friend Fell had decided that the first " trek " should be specially short, seven miles, to Siakatimba. The motley procession set forth amid general jubilation. All were interested —the " white chiefs " were fascinated as they marched at the head of the long line, with Badger, the faithful dog, leading on. Over the railway, into the forest, for three or four miles, then out on the open plain of tall grass. Wild pig, reedbuck, duiker, partridge, and various small birds showed themselves and took fright at our approach. No wonder, when had they seen such a regiment of men or such a collection of baggage !

We halted for the night at the first water-hole that could be reached. The waters of Africa at the end of the dry season are as varied as the Bank-Holiday drinks on "'Appy Amptsead," with a few lower varieties thrown in. They could be labelled "excellent" on the Zambesi and Kafue; then "red," "white," "slimey," and "thick," as places would have it. The woman fresh from an Essex village said she could not abide London water because it "had neither taste nor smell." That of Siakatimba had both. While the tents were being erected for the night, scoff box unpacked, and evening meal cooked, the chief and his head-men came from the native village hard by to greet us. The chief was our first case for medical aid. He had a sore throat and a pain in his chest. I carefully studied the case with great solemnity. Half-a-dozen acid drops, three to be taken at sundown and three others at bed-time were prescribed. He took the first dose at once, and felt relieved instantaneously. Next morning at daybreak he returned with three of his wives and two of his children: they all had caught the same complaint during the night, and begged for the "sure cure." We worked five miracles on the spot, and gave the chief a final healing touch.

Our wash-down in the tent and evening meal out in the open by the aid of a paraffin lamp being over, we sat in the silence of the forest while the stars came out in great profusion, and the birds sang their evensong in the trees all around. The loud call of an animal to its mate mingled with the merry chatter of the boys sitting in little groups round their tribal fires. Those of the lion tribe here, the elephant tribe there, the tiger tribe yonder, and so on in all the varieties of animal creation. As the darkness of the night deepened the

fires into the teens shone forth in great glory. Few groups of men are more gay. No restraint. All the easy chatter of unthinking childhood. They burst forth at chance remarks and every tribe seems to have its Peter, bubbling over with ready speech.

Then came the great event. Word passed round for all the boys to gather round the " chief's " fire in the centre of the camp. Stealthily they came through the darkness and sat on the ground with bare knees up encircling the fire. Fifty faces shining in the firelight, and fifty pairs of penetrating eyes searching the white chief's through and through. A dead silence, save the crackling of the sticks and the remote call of a bird. Mukatuka, a head boy, with book in hand, read the lines of a hymn in Chitonga, their native language. They repeated it together : it was like a small burst of thunder on the quiet evening air. It was a simple hymn about darkness coming, birds sleeping, stars appearing, and God blessing all people. Mr. Chapman was the author, and Mr. Fell had translated it into Chitonga. The tune was *Southport*, and how they sang. The stillness of the forest, the rush of the tune, the volume of the music, the glad reverence of it all cannot be described or forgotten.

After a short address from the missionary who remained seated, for this was evening worship, came a second hymn to *Cambridge*. The same exulting rush of voices and evident delight in song. Prayer followed, every head bowed and an Amen came at the end which would have made the oldest of the old Methodist's heart leap with thanksgiving for many a day.

This first night on trek said so much. Without formal words it told of work done, impressions made, actual and potential spiritual harvests. A chance gathering of carriers from the Zambesi Valley knew

Christian hymns, tunes, and gleefully entered into family worship at the end of a day's treking. All this is an area unvisited by missions until seven years ago. A proof of faithful seed sowing, a promise of future fruits, and flowers, making that Zambesi valley as the garden of the Lord.

The morrow found us on our way by seven o'clock. On through the village of Simazinyona, ten miles to the River Muzuma. We knew it was a river, not because there was water to be seen, but by the growth of rushes in profusion. After the mid-day rest, seven more miles brought us to Longwani for the night. The next day found us crossing an African plain, reaching forth far as the eye could see, with grass standing from six to nine feet high, dry, stiff, yellow, rush-like. The path a few inches wide, with the grass falling together and needing to be brushed aside that we may walk through. There were miles of it. The long line of carriers were completely hidden beneath its folds. Each man simply saw the one or two ahead and followed on amid the " whisk " made by the friction of movement. But this was comfort compared with what followed a day or two later. The descent into the Zambesi valley, down the narrow paths of the mountain side, bestrewn with stones, small and great, over boulders crossing the path, fallen trees here and there, the danger of plunging into deep ravines, and the intense heat combined to make an experience never to be forgotten or forgiven. The descent of Snowdon, Snaefell, Pilatus, all have their memories, but so far the Siazinabi Mountains " take the biscuit."

One of my early friends amid difficulties reminded me that " one door never closed but another shut." Where one difficulty ended on this trek, another began. We went down to go up ; we left stones to find worse ;

we refused water to find what looked like liquid slime ; we grew tired to find ourselves dead tired the next night. We could often have said with Martha in " Isabel Carnaby," that " all improvements were for the worse." But all was not trying. Our philosophy never failed. We could grin and bear it, and there were pleasant incidents and novel delights. The spoor of the camel was on the path here and there, so of the zebra and the king of the forest. Should we see them ? The prospect was remote, but exciting. They would not remain in the path while we arrived, and looking up and out into the distance was out of the question. Only a constant eye could pick the least stony place for putting down every footstep taken.

All the people through whose villages we passed were friendly. Sat on the ground at our approach and clapped their welcome with outstretched hands. Men, women and children did it in unison, until the sounding report could be heard long after we had passed. They were as curious as children to see the " kit " being carried. To them it must have been great treasure. Boxes of food, clothes, tents, cooking utensils, and strange-looking things with two wheels each. Our passing through the village would be a theme of chat for many a day and night, and where we left a present of a yard and half of limbo, dark blue lining worth, say, sevenpence, it would be examined by every man in the village in the presence of all the boys, and be the envy of the tribe when the chief put it on, as his best Sunday suit.

All the chiefs who could came to greet us with the " Wa Buka " (" You have got up "). They never knew whether there was limbo or salt to be had. But, most of all, the fame of the " Moruti " (Missionary) was throughout the country. He was one of the only

two white men who regularly travelled through the villages. He was the only one welcome. The other came to collect the annual tax.

One headman showed his preference. The Government messenger had brought him a message from the Commissioner, and he had, he said, told him to wait until he had been to see his friend the missionary. No wonder that the missionary put the story into English that we might share his satisfaction. It meant much. But neither this chief or any other on these four days trek have ever had a teacher or a missionary in their villages save for one or two hours in passing through. Here is virgin soil waiting the sickle. Land needing to be possessed. Populations are sparce, small villages far apart, save in one or two districts where there are clusters. But when will they be offered the riches of Christ ?

The day before we reached Kanchindu, the unexpected happened—the carriers washed. Not very thoroughly—that would have been too much of a good thing. Hands, arms, head, and feet came in. Only the greater warmth of the Zambesi Valley made this ablution possible. On the upper plains towards Choma the weather and water were too cold. For the previous thirteen days going up and coming down the only water they had touched they had drank. But this wash-up prepared them to return to the Mission and face the white " mother," Mrs. Fell, spick and span. And what a morning that was ! Their jubilation after a fortnight's trek to the railway and the prospect of five shillings pay each. The stories they would have for the stay-at-home villagers ; the character sketches they would give of the " white chiefs " from the great land over the seas. What a morning for the Deputation ! The first sight of the

first African Mission Station ; the comparisons between the actual and the imagined ; the thing itself, and the dreams and fancies from childhood's days ; the corrections, the confirmations, the surprises, the disappointments. And what a morning for the missionary's wife ! Staying by the stuff during his absence ; eagerly awaiting the sight of faces and friends fresh from dear old England and Primitive Methodism !

A mile from the station Mr. Fell fired a shot into the air, a wireless to his wife, announcing our approach. Half-an-hour later we were given the warmest of welcomes by Mrs. Fell and the Junior Missionary, Stanley Buckley, the Mission boys, and the five barking dogs.

A BUSY DAY OF REST.

WHEN the carriers had been paid, photographed, and presented with a special gift, a yard and half of limbo each, in honour of the great event, civilisation began once again, for a woman was in charge of house and home. Men on trek do as they like, both in cooking and all else, and when they have done it, they generally wish they had not. Cooking arrangements take liberties when women folk are not about. You cannot blame them; most things domestic, including human beings, take the same course. Kanchindu Mission House, with its well-ordered meal, made the meals on trek look more ridiculous than they really were. I regret to make this reflection on masculine ability, but this is a faithful record, and owning up is a virtue.

The morrow was given to a general inspection of the Mission centre. A splendid site, standing well up from the river, with an extensive view for several miles up and down the Zambesi and away over into Southern Rhodesia. A better spot is not to be found along the river banks. And the natural essentials of a mission station are available. Abundance of splendid water from the river, ample timber for fires and building from the adjoining forests, wild game and birds for daily food, clay down by the river for making bricks, and a water-way, as well as a good path on the river banks, by which the sixty-odd miles of villages making the Mission Station can be conveniently reached at any period of the year.

A careful inspection of the Mission premises and industrial activities made a full day.

The buildings consist of a brick house of five rooms and a verandah all round ; a native hut just built for the junior missionary ; the native teacher's hut (Joseph's), with outbuildings, a carpenter's shop with tools, a smithy, a native compound, with five huts for the larger boys, two for the small boys, and one for the kitchen boys ; a house on stilts for the cowboys, and a native church, which is also used as day school. All these buildings except the brick house are of native design and material.

Brick-making was in full swing. Long rows lay drying in the sun. A kiln was being built, and 18,000 bricks were already waiting to be burnt. Boys were in the saw-pit, carpenter's shop, and smithy. Others felling trees in the forest. Oxen drawing big timber on a home-made sleigh down to the saw-pit.

All the native buildings made of poles and clay are to be replaced by brick structures. A second minister's house is to be built, so that all this activity is essential. It is the industrial mission. Boys are becoming artisans, shaking off age-long tribal laziness and getting ready for Africa's industrial future. Missionaries lead in all this. Every morning is given to industrial work ; taking hand with the boys, showing how by example. School-work occupies five afternoons of the week. Missionaries teach, all the boys attend ; married men, thirty or forty years of age, sit with the juniors, elementary and technical education running side by side, with the moral and spiritual always to the fore.

Part of the morning's inspection was spent in receiving visitors. Chiefs and headmen from the outstations had come to greet us ; native teachers from

mission outposts ; a mother with her sick babe seeking medicine, with the father of the child present showing solicitude ; Mrs. Fell taking the little one and administering a powder. Another side of this Christ-like work.

The native teachers wanted long " parlavar " about their wages. They had agreed to lay their case before us, and there they stood, five dusky negroes. Talk ! well, what would Lloyd George have done under such a continuous repetition of statement ? I remembered the patience of Job ; came to understand that the first thing the native admires in a white man is patience to listen to his story ; Dr. Joseph Parker recommended preachers to put their sermons into telegraphic form. These people never heard Parker, and scorn his advice. Nothing " brief or brotherly " about their methods. They steal leisurely into your presence, silently sit on the ground, patiently look you through, and after a while begin, " Wa Buka," and all the salutations of the day, about yourself, your cattle, any travellers you have seen, and all the other things about which they can think, and then, being through the introduction, they cautiously broach the beginning of the sermon : the subject to be considered. This is drawn out at such length that you wonder whether there is, after all, anything in transmigration of souls, and if so, if these sons of the African forest were in some previous existence trained to length by ancient Puritan divines. When they have got to know the Morite and to trust him, his patience wins the day. " Moruti has heard us. He knows all. He decides wise and good," they will say, and his decision is accepted without further ado.

In the case before us, this was so. They asked for a five-hundred per cent. increase of wages. Yes, five-hundred per cent. Nothing like ambition. They ex-

plained individually and collectively far into the night. The theme was renewed and repeated in the early morning of the morrow, and then we decided on a hundred per cent. increase. And they were fairly content, and later on completely so. We took their demand as a sign of waking manhood, and our concession as a reasonable response.

The day's doings ended in the dining-room of the Mission house. While the men were gathered from the outposts to Kanchindu, it was thought wise to meet them in class and gather to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. To meet the Deputation in this way would be memorable for the natives and interesting to all. The Ebenezer Church, Hull, had given a Sacramental Service to the Mission; it had arrived, and this night found it in use for the first time. I had myself used this Sacramental Service in Hull, and found it an interesting experience to use it for my first celebration of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in Africa. Six or seven natives now living the Christian life, Mr. and Mrs. Fell, Mr. Buckley, Mr. Shaw, and the writer participated. Three of these saved heathens, with beautiful reverence and fitting words, led in prayer. Class tickets were distributed, and in each case class money paid. So Mow Cop stretched to Africa; native converts greeted Hugh Bourne and William Clowes; the Great Head of the Universal Church that night in the Kanchindu Mission saw of the travail of His soul.

LEARNING BRICK-MAKING.

IN CAMP AT LONGO.

A DAY ON THE RIVER.

"Where the sand has drunk hot tears
From the brimming eyes of millions
Through the long, ungracious years."

THE Zambesi has reasons to be proud of its rise in the west of Bangweolo; its course through the Lake of Dilolo, on for 1,600 miles into the Indian Ocean; its gathering waters through half a million square miles of territory, and especially of its Kebrabassa and majestic Victoria Falls. For 700 miles beyond the Falls it forms a partial waterway into the interior of the continent.

The course we took to Sijoba lay some thirty-five miles up the river. It passed through African forests inhabited by every variety of animal, from the elephant to the wild cat, zebra and field mouse. We were to visit the natives in the villages on both sides of the river and camp on the river banks for several nights of the journey. The outlook was fascinating. To two of us newly out from England it had the charm of novelty. We had crossed the river at Livingstone and Victoria Falls, but now we were to face the risks and toil of a four days' journey in a rowing-boat, and against a stream flowing at the rate of, perhaps, ten miles an hour and places where the rush of waters made progress all but impossible. All this gave zest to the prospect. Preparation had to be made. The route lay through purely African conditions—nothing in the way of shelter or food could be picked up for love or money, on the way or at the destination. It was not a journey on the Thames or the Broads or the Rhine. No snug

hostels dotting the river banks ; no fairy tea-gardens running down to river's brink ; no wayside vendors of sweets, nuts, or fruits. The nearest shop a hundred miles away ; a box of matches could not be bought without a four days' journey on foot. These stern facts meant forethought in preparation. Everything needful between the moment of leaving and the hour of return had to be taken. Beds and bedding, with tents for the night, food, mostly in tins, cooking utensils, cutlery, and crockery, chairs and table, not to mention clothing for day and night, and food, in generous supplies, for ourselves, the ten boys, and two dogs. Not a small order.

After a " trek " of 180 miles with provision and mission goods and all the accumulated duties of a fortnight's absence from the Mission, Mr. Fell, with his capable wife, began with the sunrise to pack the food boxes, cooking-pans, clothes, seats, beds, and the rest. Then down to the beach : the stowing into the boat ; the fixing of the six stalwart rowing-boys in position ; Skipper Fell at the helm, and so we set forth. The Rev. S. E. Buckley, the devoted junior Missionary who was left in charge of the station in Mr. Fell's absence, took a " snapshot " as we rowed into mid-river.

We were then able to take stock of our craft. An iron boat, with a wooden lining, and fitted with compressed air-tanks for safety. The boat measured 22 feet in length, and could carry a cargo of a ton or more. It was reassuring to learn that although she had encountered the perils of the river for several years, she had so far always pulled through without serious mishap. Less than a mile out we sighted one of the pests with which the river is invested, a crocodile. The shooting of them is a humanitarian duty. Our skipper fired as it lay sunning itself on the bank. The shot

seemed effective, but it leapt into the water, to become the next meal of the nearest fellow " crock."

Wild ducks stood on the sand patches and islets in the river. But they seem as wily as they are wild. At the sound of our approach they rose and flew on ahead or into the thick woods which everywhere line this part of the Zambesi. Tiny birds, by the thousand, twittered in the trees and rushes on every side. They were like the hosts of heaven which no man could number. When they rose they almost darkened the sky, while their twitter formed a deafening chorus. Doves sat in the trees and eaglets were seen in the sky, while the whole horizon was one vast and glorious dome of clear blue.

We soon encountered the swiftness of the stream rushing on to the Victoria Falls, 120 miles farther down. the river. The skipper's " Amur " (" Altogether ") found a ready and energetic response by the six boys at the oars. But they could not match the force of the on-rushing waters, and the boat not only made no progress, but began to go back with the tide. Fortunately, these points of swift current occur where there is not much depth of water. This is a distinct advantage. The boys were able to leap into the river with two or three feet of water and pull the boat through the rapids. This experience came three or four times during the day. It saved the situation. At other points the two front rowers took long poles, say 12 feet in length, and standing on the brow of the boat, were able to facilitate navigation. In less than three hours we reached the village of Simutanda (Poto). Here we had lunch. While the boys were gathering wood for the fire, a strange sight met us from the other side of the Zambesi. Down the mountain side we could see troops of monkeys making their way for their mid-day

drink at the river. As they drew nearer a silver-coated grandfather was distinctly seen leading the chattering procession. They moved with cautious steps and slow: stopping to look and perhaps to think. Then completing the journey they bent at the water's edge and drank. One member of the party fired a shot, but the only effect was a rush back into the mountain trees and a howl which echoed like an indignant protestation in all the languages of Babel.

The luncheon served under the trees and rounded off with coffee and forty winks, found us fit for the next stage of the journey. The heat was intense. Helmets and sun umbrellas were in demand. The river did little to counteract the sun's glare. It is quite easy to understand the custom of resting at mid-day. This is essential in the Zambesi basin. Under the African sky it is easy to understand the general aversion to work. To sit in the boat attempting to ward off the sun's almighty glare almost disqualifies for noting the points of interest north and south of the river. Yet they were many. Native women with rude hoes working in the gardens; many of them with babies slung on their backs after the strange African fashion. The afternoon led through more and better native gardens. Tobacco plants were numerous. Herd boys with sheep and goats were passed here and there. Villages were marked by stray children peering out of the forests and buildings of the crudest style seen among the trees. Everywhere men, women, and children gave salutation as the boat glided past. Everywhere the form was the same. Sitting with outstretched bare legs, they gently clapped the palms of their hands. If we had drawn near they would have said, "Wa Buka" ("You have got up") and "Wa Jula" (You have opened your door.") They are great on saluta-

tions. Two Botonga meeting, will sit on the ground two yards apart and spend twenty or thirty minutes in merely exchanging greetings. Repeating Wa Buka, Wa Jula, Mu (Yes) over and over again. Time is not money in Africa.

We reached the village of Siambwakala by 4.30 in the afternoon. It stands on an elevation well up from the river. We were glad to find the shelter of its great trees. The boat boys brought up the tea chest, and water from the river, while the cook gathered the wood and made the fire. Matches are not needed; two thoroughly dry sticks rubbed together in a sheaf of straw become a blaze in next to no time. The boys make several fires, erect the tents, prepare the evening meal, which is eaten as the moon rises over the Zambesi, and the stars make the night a blaze of heavenly glory. The lions are in the forests, but with the fires in the camp and the dogs in the tent, we find under the mosquito nets the refreshing sleep of an African night.

A WEEK-END IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

ON the way to Sijoba it was part of the programme to reach Longo on Saturday by sundown, and spend the Sunday in the village. There is no need to tell the story of our arrival, the interest excited, or the cordial welcome of the chief, the manifest eagerness of the native missioner, and the alertness of the Mission boys—all that story is another chapter. After a quiet night in the tents, under the mosquito nets, the dogs sounded the first news of daybreak. It was about 6 a.m. By 7 the Rev. J. R. Fell, missionary-in-charge, sallied forth into the wood for his first service. The village began its getting up. The chatter of Batonga tongues was all around ; children's voices could be heard. The cook was busy at his fire in the open. Breakfast was soon served in the mission hut, a round building of poles and mud. Then came the general view of the village. The first impression being that it stood in marked contrast to the village of Sinamane, where we had camped the night before, or Sinalubilo, where we lunched on Saturday. There filth and disorder prevailed : here we stood in a well-laid-out African village, built in workmanlike style, trees planted between the huts, attempts at native gardens, and everything orderly and clean. In the one case the people were nude and rude—hardly removed from the animal—while here, under the direct influence of the Mission and the resident native teacher, and his wife, there were some outward evidences of Christian civilisation.

From the boys' compound snatches of Christian hymns could be heard floating on the morning air. The people of the surrounding villages began to arrive for salutation, and wait for the appointed service. All who arrived came to the mission hut, leisurely seated themselves on the ground, and patiently exclaimed, "Wa Buka," "Wa Jula," and, after looking at us for ten or thirty minutes, they slowly rose on their hind legs, walked away to the native compound to be joined by later comers, until a small crowd had foregathered. With the leisure of the land the church bell, standing quite apart from the church, pealed forth the invitation to enter the sanctuary. Slowly the crowd rose and strolled through the long grass. Boys in companies, girls by themselves, mothers with their children, always on the backs, and last of all the chiefs, headmen, and men of the villages. One will never forget that slow-moving procession. Next to no clothing, dark-brown men and men black as ebony. Some striped back and front in red clay, after the most approved fashion. Women with hair shaved off, save a matted mass on the top, and that like so many big clay beads of earth. Many carried their pipes; one had an axe, two or three had spears, but all, with due solemnity, ceased to smoke as they approached the door of the church. And that reminds me that there really was no such superfluity as a door. It was only a door-way; four quarter pieces. Through these led into a porch six feet square; through another door-way into the central aisle of the church. There is only one aisle. On either side the pews—they consist of mud seats fifteen inches high, one foot broad, with flat tops quite solid and running from the centre aisle to the wall. Each seat provided for nine or ten worshippers. They sat as close as sardines. They were

without clothes ; that saved space, and since in church they were out of the sun, close sitting kept them warm. One hundred and ninety-four natives formed the congregation. The women and girls occupied one side, the boys and men the other. At the top end of the building, on a raised platform—also of mud—was the pulpit—also of mud. The whole floor was of the same material ; so were the walls. Indeed, the whole building was of wood and poles, thatch and mud. There were six openings—three on either side ; they were the windows. One of the worshippers was specially grateful that they were without glass, or anything else that prevented the out-going of—well, the stench, and the in-coming of air from the veldt. The said worshipper had taken the precaution of arriving last, taking a deep breath before entering the porch, and holding his breath while passing down the centre aisle, and then while seated within the mud chancel, making free use alternately of a bottle of lavender water and a big pocket handkerchief well dosed with oil of eucalyptus.

The Rev. J. R. Fell conducted the service. Mrs. Fell sat next her husband. The Deputation from England next on the preacher's right, while Ezekiel, the native teacher and his wife Mary, and their child, sat on Mr. Fell's left, but not on the platform. The visitors were privileged to sit on their own folding travelling chairs, specially carried in for the great event.

From these positions the congregation seemed a strange sight. To the missionary it was an ordinary spectacle ; he sees it week by week ; but to the writer it was novel. The first such congregation seen. It had all the features of romance, and far-reaching history. At last the dream of childhood and youth sat before him. Everything of which early missionary

speeches and literature told was there visualised, large as life. Five score heathens herded for worship, dressed in brass bangles and red earth, and ear-rings, not to mention straws through the nose. Babies crying; dogs lying down while people sat, standing as if ready to go, when we rose to sing. A few of the people who belonged to the Mission had hymn-books, and sang lustily. A few had the translation of the Gospel of Mark. The service was in Chitonga. Mr. Fell has not only reduced the language to writing and translated hymns and the Gospel by Mark, but is busy with the translation of selected portions of the Old Testament. This morning he read as a lesson his translation of the first chapter of Isaiah, and preached from the words, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." It all sounded strange. Here was the old message in new garb. The words of the prophet of Israel before the Christian era being still proclaimed in an African forest in the twentieth century. The attention varied as the sermon proceeded. It was mainly directed to the adults. Some followed unflaggingly. But these people have not been trained in concentration. And, what with the cows and goats outside, and the babies and dogs within, and the heat of the approaching mid-day, the attention paid did the people and preacher credit.

Mr. Fell thought that the service would not be complete unless the visitors took some part—and as there was no collection—these people have neither money nor pockets—it was arranged that they should say a few words to be translated by Ezekiel, the native preacher. One of them gave him a task. He spoke of the "Crown of Glory," and it was afterwards explained in private that there is no word in Chitonga either for "crown" or "glory." Ezekiel therefore

had to tell them of the circle of beads worn on the head, and the "honour" which also means weight, and so they were told that the crown of glory would mean weight of beads on the head for ever and for ever.

The dispersion back to the villages did not take place until Mrs. Fell had given salt—a big pinch—to each and all the children who attend the mission school. How eagerly they came to get it; and how promptly others drew near, cherishing hope. The tiny child on its mother's back and the headmen and chief alike held out both hands for the seasoning gift.

The afternoon was given to visiting villages near. And the evening to a quiet meal on the veldt, and, strange to say, the telling of lion stories. Lions abound in the area, and it added to the interest to learn of their exploits in the locality.

Prayers were sincere at nightfall, for it was densely dark, and we tied the green tapes of the sleeping tent inside and then outside, left the lamp burning within, and the log fire without, and sought the camp bed, careful that the loaded rifle was nigh at hand.

A SUNDAY AT KANCHINDU.

THERE are long-looked-for days much thought of before they come, and leaving lasting memories when gone. Approached with high expectation, entered into with eager delight, and once passed never to be forgotten. This was such a day. We were up betimes. It is literally true, strange as it may seem to English ears, that we rose with the sun. This was nothing new—since touching African soil. Our landing at Cape Town was at sunrise. Further on our journey it was no hardship to leave the narrow seat-bed of the South African railway. The first of the five nights in the train made us ready for this. On " trek " we soon learnt the wisdom of rising with the lark. We cheerfully set forth for the first long walk of the day before the sun got up his strength. In Africa the sun rules the movements of the day. A month's experience had made this clear. So that on the special Sunday morning of which we write, there was no inclination to turn on the other side before turning out.

By seven o'clock we were on the road, clad in white suits and helmets, one of the party covered with a sun umbrella in addition. Seven of the Mission boys journeyed with us. Our way lay along the banks of the Zambesi, restful to the eyes and beautiful in the early morning sunshine ; then into the forest, amid singing birds, until we reached the village of Sinankumbi. The natives were on the move. Passing in groups toward the centre, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd under a tree—the usual place of worship in this village. But the natives demured ;

they did not like the shade. The morning was too cold for them. Divining their wish, Mr. Fell intimated that we would pass to the next large tree, where they could all sit out in the sunshine while we could stand in the shade. In five minutes all was in order. To the right sat the women and the girls ; to the left the men and the boys. The old chief, Sinankumbi, creeping up near the white chiefs—for was he not one in authority, too ? The crowd sat on the ground, except a few of the oldest men, who couched on native stools they had brought with them, or on logs of trees. All round, on every side, stood the native huts with the simple stone fire-places and cooking-pots. Dogs leisurely sniffed round, finding their owners ; hens with their chickens passed to and fro, goats were everywhere, and stray sheep could be heard bleating in the distance. It was altogether a strange and weird sight. There were 250 present when the service commenced—Mr. Fell called it a camp meeting. Worshippers—if they did worship—continued to arrive from small outside villages until the attendance became about 300. The whole service was in the Chitonga language. At eight o'clock the first hymn was announced. A line at a time was read for the advantage of those without books or unable to read, and they were the great majority. This was repeated by the whole congregation. When the verse had been repeated, the singing rose in one vast volume as if the singers were to the manner born. Those unable to read already know many Christian hymns and tunes. We have heard the singing at nightfall in many villages as we have camped or journeyed. Mr. Fell's colleague, Stanley E. Buckley, read a lesson and announced another hymn in Chitonga. Then the sermon. It was in the native language. Mr. Fell speaks it so fluently that he is called a " Batonga "—one of them-

selves. The writer could not follow the sermon, but was impressed with the evident enthusiasm of the preacher, and the tone of pleading urgency that pervaded the delivery. It is hard to get the truth home to those "Thinking Black." But the preacher had his method. At the end of twenty minutes he began to catechise the congregation. We afterwards learnt that this was his method of assuring himself that the crowd had been brought into grips with the message. To watch the eager faces and far-seeing eyes of the crowd made this self-evident. There was no collection, for the people are without money or things, but, alas, they are poorest of all in knowledge and the fruits of righteousness. At the close one and another made his way to say "Wa Buka" to the white chiefs. They gathered in groups round the "Father of the Chiefs" to listen to any of the pleasant banter he regularly showers on the natives in their own language.

We returned through the forest by a different route, that we might see the village Mududodi in particular. The sun, by this time, simply blazed upon us with great intensity, and we were by ten o'clock ready to join our thoughtful hostess, Mrs. Fell, for breakfast. A memorable morning.

The afternoon was not less so. One of the rare events of the Mission was in store. The news of it had travelled to the outside villages. No invitation was necessary to secure the attendance of the multitude. The event was regarded as too sacred and important for a mere public spectacle. A youth, after six years of training and observation, had definitely, deliberately, finally broken with his tribe, wrenched himself little by little from all the strange and subtle coils of heathenism, and declared his intention to live Christian fashion. No more "sitting" in the village, attendance at or

conformity with village or tribal customs; he would take one and only one wife, and by Divine Grace live above all the vulgar suggestions and age-long habits of the tribe. Jesus Christ should henceforth be his great and supreme Chief. He would obey and follow Him. A great renunciation! A splendid dedication! After living consistently to all this for several years it was decided that he should be admitted into full membership of the Church. The custom is by Christian baptism. This was arranged for the afternoon. A sense of holy awe pervaded the place, and the day. All the boys knew that Mukatuta was to receive a new name because he had finally committed himself to a new life. We walked down to the Mission Church to find it more than half full. Chiefs and headmen were there to see this strange sight. Mr. Fell conducted; Mr. Shaw presided at the portable organ. Mrs. Fell was the only white woman present, for the very good reason that there is not another living within a hundred miles. Mr. Buckley read a lesson from Ezekiel in Chitonga, and I was privileged, by the magnanimity of the Superintendent of the Mission to baptize Mukatuka into the name of Davida. For he had selected to be called David, and since every word in the language ends with a vowel, it was Davida.

The formula ran :—

"Davida, nda mu bapatizia ndnive a manze ku zina dia Leza, Tata, Mwanakwe, a Moya u Saladisia."

"Leza a kondezie nduwe."

When David came out from his seat and knelt at the front with bowed head, there was not only joy in the presence of the angels of God, but the missionary and his wife, who for these six years had worked, watched, prayed, and waited, must have been strangely moved.

It took Robert Moffat thirteen long years to secure his first convert; Carey was seven years in India before Krishnu and his wife, the first converts, knelt at his feet; but here was another to be added to the growing roll of Batonga giving themselves to God.

Davida has now taken his place on the teaching staff of the Mission. He led in prayer in the public service in his own village the day he was baptized. Mr. Fell says he is proud of him, and that this one youth is worth all the six years' work on the Mission.

The day closed at the urgent request of Mrs. Fell, with a service in English. Only once before had such a service been held. The attendance, including the preacher and organist, was only five. They were all the whites within five score miles at least. It brought to three lonely lives, lived away there amid the coloured people of the Zambesi Valley, an hour of revived and precious memories of the happy Sunday evenings in the old land, and the old house of prayer. That hour and the day are now among the treasured memories of Africa.

The last hour of the day gave time for thought. It is just over ten years since the Mission began at Sijoba. The missionaries have suffered sore disappointments. Promising youths have passed back into tribal heathenism at their marriage. There have been but few conversions in the ordinary meaning of the term. The total native membership of the Mission is but eight, with sixty scholars. But this meagre roll is in itself a great triumph, and these first fruits are richly prophetic. Other facts have impressed us. When Mr. Fell first rowed on the Zambesi the people fled from the river banks whenever they sighted his boat; now they sit and clap their welcome. When he first went into their villages they refused to listen

or attend his service. Now the whole village attends any service he or any worker on the Mission conducts. They regularly seek the missionary's council. We saw hundreds at the services on the Sundays. The chiefs everywhere attend, and about 1,000 people hear the Gospel every Lord's Day, and 10,000 are touched by the agencies of the Mission.

Under this steady work it is abundantly evident that evil tribal customs are yielding. As far back, for instance, as memory goes, the people for miles around Jenga have walked to the Chüta tree for their annual praying day and beer drinking. The place has a great tradition. It is historic. But for the last three years this heathen custom has entirely ceased. Years ago it was the custom throughout the Zambesi Valley to stick a pole in the ground, cover it with red clay, and pray to it. The practice has practically fallen into disuse.

All the front teeth were regularly knocked out, that the people may not be like the horse. Every adult we saw was without these teeth, but it has now almost ceased among the children.

When a mother died, her babe, though alive, was buried with her ; that awful custom has been broken.

With one exception the entire staff of the Mission have been rescued from rankest heathenism in these brief years. One of the teachers was a leading witch-doctor when the Mission began. He now preaches the Gospel in the village where he practised his incantations. He is one of many trophies of grace.

It is not possible to set out, even in adequate outline, results of these ten years of work. It should be borne in mind that the Mission is among a purely heathen people, never previously missioned by any church.

Into these forests on the banks of the Zambesi our agents went; built huts in which to live, cleared land, erected our present properties, and gradually established the educational, medical, industrial, as well as evangelistic work now in full swing.

It was no small thing to review this actual work, to visit the schools, to see the congregations, to watch anxious people asking for medical assistance for themselves and their children, and to listen to the hymns they sing in the forests by the camp-fires on trek, or the regular services of the Sabbath. And putting all these things together that quiet Sabbath evening I recorded my delighted surprise at the extent and value and possibilities of the work of the Batonga Mission.

ON THE KAFUE.

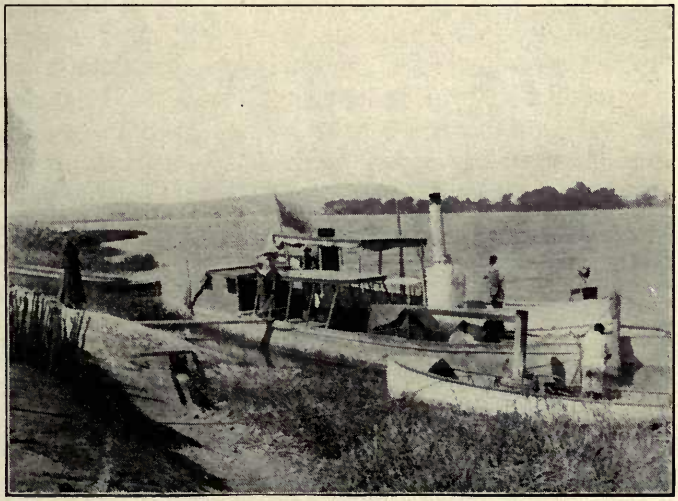
" The noisy waves are a failure, but the silent tide is a success."—*Phillips Brooks.*

KAFUE is the township at which we were staying when the news of the war reached us. We were there enquiring into the development of the district and the openings for mission work. A fine township it is, beautifully situated and central for the whole country. On the great Cape to Cairo Railway, on the river, and situated where the East-to-West Railway, now being built, will run through Northern Rhodesia. A Training Institution here would be in the best possible position.

The Administration gave a site for a new church while we were there, and occasional services are being held.

At the little hotel on that memorable first week in August the news of the war was whispered amid great excitement. England had declared war on Germany, the wire ran. The half-dozen Britishers staying there were staggered. Could not believe. Said it was impossible. No adequate grounds existed. Next day, however, the news was confirmed, and then an exciting and illuminating incident occurred. Every man present said, " If it is true, we will march into German South-West at once and take the country. We are able to do it." So they felt. They immediately sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who was a German, and said as he stood nervously before them, " Schriner, you put the British flag on this hotel by to-morrow, or we will rase it to the ground." And they grimly meant it. I never saw such marked manifestations of loyalty to

DEPUTATION IN DUG-OUT ON THE ZAMBESI WITH FULELI IN CHARGE.



ON THE KAFUE: FLOTILLA.

the British flag. Everywhere as the anxious days wore on it was the same. Every Britisher we met in our journeys was ready to come to the front. Some of them set forth by the first trains and boats, and were in London within a few weeks. General Botha soon began to organise and mobilise. The response was immediate and inspiring.

Amid all this excitement we could but go on our way.

The journey was from Kafue Bridge to Chebenda, 160 miles by river or about a hundred by road. The first thing was to decide which course to take. The road meant "treking," and that involved many things which would never occur to the uninitiated. In the home counties a cross-country journey of a hundred miles, free from the railways, would be difficult to find, but if the rail were not touched at a single point *en route* there would be decent roads, cycles would be of use, villages and farmsteads would be struck, milk and refreshments could be got, a turn in for the night would be possible. But not so in Africa. Not one of these necessities are met on trek. To begin with, the roads are nothing of the kind; they are footpaths twelve or fifteen inches wide, through the forests or over the plains. They wind round fallen trees or countless stones every few yards. Henry Drummond explained it in "Tropical Africa." The native does everything in the easiest, make shift sort of way. It is easier to walk round a stone than to remove it. And so it has come to pass that the roads across Africa from time immemorable to this year of grace, wind about like English streamlets or the letter S. These strange ways lie through almost uninhabited forests. There is absolutely nothing in the shape of food or shelter for a Britisher. He must therefore set forth on trek carrying everything he

needs, including a gun and ammunition for defence against wild animals. This means a string of "boys" for porterage. These are not always easy to get. Wages do not attract them to work; they would rather be without the one than do the other. The annual tax of 10s. a head, and an extra ten for a second and each additional wife a man owns, spurs him to earn what he can. And then wives have to be bought. They cost several sheep and perhaps six goats, or more, apiece (and some I saw were very dear at the price). But beyond these expenses, the African does not need money. His hut is of poles from the forest. His wives plant his mealies and tobacco, and supply him with both. And as for his limbo—the yard and half of blue cloth for his loins—while I am writing these notes on the boat, a native, in a dug-out, has paddled alongside, and offered two of his chickens for sale. He got his yard and half of limbo as the price, and returned to the shore with all the clothes he will need for the next three months. Treking has these and other difficulties. When, therefore, we reached the Kafue, and heard that once a month a steamboat sailed for Chebenda, we at once fixed our berths. It will be years before we forget either the boat or the journey. Turning out of our temporary hotel at 6 a.m., we proceeded a mile down the river to the *quay*—that is the *bank* where the boat is tied. We found three or four very primitive-looking cockle-shells, one of which was fitted up with an upright, white-washed boiler. On the top end of the said boiler was a stove-pipe, and under the bottom end a furnace. A small engine lay astern. On one side of this steamer lay a steel barge with a temporary wooden cabin at one end, and on the other side were two smaller barges, one containing coal and wood for the voyage. This assortment of ancient

craft was roped together, either for mutual safety or general commerce. By the fact that they had almost half a ton of miscellaneous cargo, to say nothing of the two passengers, I am perhaps safe in fixing on the latter alternative.

When the boys had, with the deliberation given to a Lord Mayor's banquet, set out our breakfast on the lower deck—there was no other—and we had got on the right side of this, we turned to the scenery of the river. This was a genuine pleasure. Palm trees a hundred feet high marked our course. Forest lay on either side. Behind the rich woodland, farmsteads, newly laid out, and away, behind, and on the right the majestic hills and mountains round the township of Kafue. Many Britishers have purchased extensive farms along the banks of the river. The cost, four years ago, in one case was sixpence an acre. When a few generations have passed, and Northern Rhodesia takes its place among the great lands of the Empire, the "heirs" and assigns of these English noblemen may control the land of the Kafue Valley just as the present noblemen control rents and almost all else in vast areas at home.

The river abounds in interest. We did not meet hippo' or crocodile, as on the Zambesi. But they were there. Fish is abundant. At nightfall frogs piped forth like thuds on worn-out pianos. The banks were alive with birds, from kingfishers to eagles. Wild game seemed to be everywhere: buck, pookoo, buffaloes, zebra, rhino', lions, etc. At noon the "skipper" pulled up and went ashore with his gun to get meat. Four of his boys followed with a pole on which to bring it back. They walked by faith, nothing doubting. They soon returned with a fine young pookoo, perhaps 100 lbs. in weight. In this kind

of game it is a land of plenty. The day was over at six o'clock, although it was the first week in August. The sun swiftly dropped, and dispensing with the glories of twilight, by 6.30 it was dark as midnight. The turning-in will remain a memory. We had our camp-beds and mosquito-proof nets, but to erect the two beds in a temporary cabin seven feet square and four feet high created more fun than comfort. The aisle, to be ecclesiastical, between the two beds, was five inches wide at the bottom and two at the top. The only way to bed was, therefore, through the net at the foot—not over dignified for a county magistrate or a London minister—details omitted. But it was at least satisfactory to know that the boat boys, who are quite innocent of beds, were in their Kaffir blankets in the small barges, sleeping as soundly as churches.

The 150 miles took three days and two nights. The last ten miles to Chebenda being done on foot or "bike," owing to the shallowness of the river. The boat ran aground. Nothing would move it. The ten miles lay through villages in which we were repeatedly lost. But we reached Chebenda at last. Here the Rev. E. W. Smith awaited our arrival, served a much-needed lunch under the shade of his Cape-cart, and then escorted us seventeen miles to Chitumbi, the centre of the Kasenga Mission.

THE ORANGE GARDEN AND MISSION HOUSE, KASENGA. (LOOKING S.)

JUST LEFT CHURCH: KASENGA.

AMONG WAR-LIKE TRIBES.

A TENT-LAMP was missing when we reached Chibendi, and with a dozen or more nights in the forests in view, the only course was to send back seventeen miles to where it had been left. No boy was willing to return through the Bwila villages except a boy of the same tribe. This incident told its own tale. These are the war-like tribes of South Central Africa. Until the advent of Primitive Methodism, they hunted neighbouring tribes as regularly as they chased the wild beasts of the forests.

Their degradation is still beyond description. Here, as among the Batonga, unnameable sensuality is the root of their ill-fated lives. We entered villages where nude men, women, and children live in filthy huts, just an animal existence. No one can gain the least acquaintance with their outward condition or the inwardness of their thoughts, without wondering what the coming of Jesus Christ to this world meant, or why, after these years, these people are so low. Here the curtain of the ages seems rolled up, and we of twenty centuries after Christ peep into a world twenty centuries before Christ. In literal truth, I could not see that His coming had made any difference to these tribes in any way.

We have worked among them for just over twenty years. A period of enquiry, experiment, and largely unco-ordinated effort. The cost has been more than money ; it has been the heart-ache, and the unrecorded hardships of the brave men and braver women who have done this pioneer work.

The Mission activities gather round three centres in the Ila country. Chitumbi is the youngest and perhaps destined to become the strongest of the three. The nearest village of any size to this base is Mala, three miles away. There are about 8,000 people within a radius of fifteen miles.

Nothing too good can be said of the general scheme of the Mission premises or the workmanship put in. They are fronted with a delightful garden of orange and lemon trees. The site is 1,435 acres, with a frontage to the river Kafue of about a mile. It is rich in timber for fuel, some good trees, quarries, clay and plenty of grazing land for cattle. There are two spans of oxen, and part of the estate is being brought under cultivation. Thirty-two acres are cultivated at present.

The Mission Manse is excellent; so is the European artisan's. Brick-houses for the apprentices, and teachers are now complete, and gradually all the buildings of native material will be replaced by permanent brick premises.

The Mission was established seven years ago, although we had been at Nanzela some years earlier. There are seven places on the plan, nine native church members, five catechumens and 130 children in the schools, where we found Mrs. Smith in charge, assisted by Mrs. Till and Miss Mary Smith. Mrs. Smith is in every way a great asset to this Mission.

To eager souls the statistical results have been sorely disappointing. The missionaries feel this keenly.

But an examination of the work leaves no doubt about its real value. If converts, in the connexional understanding of the term, are few, very few, the wonder is, all things considered, that we have so many, and to these must be added, the general improvement

and uplift of the people of the country. Government servants who have known these people for the last ten or twenty years, say that the change for the better is marvellous.

They cite many things in evidence of this, and express their own surprise that so much has been done. The chiefs and the people throughout the districts we travelled gave all possible evidence that the last shred of opposition to the Gospel and the missionary has been put away. Our men are everywhere welcome, and looked upon as friends and helpers. Mupumani, the prophet-in-chief, a leper, has received a revelation, and dramatically told the people to listen to the missionary. In our view, these are great triumphs, and if followed up will inevitably result in the fruits of righteousness.

The really great thing done so far has been the reduction of the language to a written form, the issuing of the grammar, and text-book of Ila, and the translation of the New Testament. This in itself, apart from the work of the Mission, has produced a profound impression on the traders, the Government, the farming classes, and not the least on the natives themselves.

One night, in the missionary's study, at his kindly request, I met the native boys in training for the local preachers' plan for a general talk on preaching and teaching. Mr. Smith acting as interperter. "You will be glad to get the whole of the New Testament in Ila?" I remarked. "Yes," was the prompt reply, and one boy added, "It will be like having a whole animal to eat." At present, he said, they had only a joint—the Gospel according to Mark.

They say to the missionary, "You have given us our books." This, to them, is something new under the sun. It has produced a wonderous impression. We

saw many evidences of this. It is a great thing to see a native sitting outside his hut reading a book. Now he will read the New Testament, and if every missionary were withdrawn from the Bwila, the Word of God would remain. All the other missionary societies of the area use our books. The Government acknowledges the debt. A great service has been done to the whole country. Mr. Smith is the official examiner of the Native Commissioners in the language of the people, and everywhere respected as a missionary and an authority on native questions.

PALMS AT MALA. DEPUTATION AT FOOT OF TREES.

OPENING OF NEW CHURCH NAMBALA, AUGUST, 1914.

UNDER THE NAMBALA HILLS.

THE Rev. J. A. Kerswell generously came to Chitumbi to escort us to his station, fifty miles north-east. An easy and delightful trek. After the seventeen miles to the river, the road was the best we had seen, and improved until we reached and skirted the charming Nambala Hills.

The approach to the Mission-house through a well-stocked banana grove, with well-ordered and kept grounds being in delightful contrast to the general barrenness of the country. The buildings here are the best yet seen, more of them being of brick. The house is the largest on our Missions, with wide verandah all round, and lofty rooms throughout. Unfortunately, the " ants " are playing " Hamlet " with the woodwork and the thatch. The grain-house and carpenter's shop are excellent. The native huts are numerous, while the new brick church competes with that at Nanzela for pre-eminence in all the Ila country.

We attended the opening services. The day and the event were special. The new church had been under way for several years, and for the first time in the history of our Central African missions the opening ceremony was performed by a layman from England. It is needless to say that the day was fine—at this season of the year all days are one great blaze of golden sunshine. Eight or nine months without rain or anything worthy of the name of a cloud. Unbroken sunshine for two hundred and fifty successive days—well, it is glorious—and on trek—especially for a European—simply too much of a good thing.

At 6.15 on this special Sunday morning the sun came forth with his usual energy and lighted up with dazzling gold the northern side of the Nambala hills. All the villagers began their getting up—quite a simple process for people who disregard both washing and dressing. By seven o'clock the valley rang with the songs of Zion. The Mission boys, all on their own, were holding their usual Sunday morning prayer-meeting—real, old-fashioned Primitive Methodism. At 10 o'clock a ladder was carried to a tree near the Mission house. A strong African youth ascended to the Mission belfry, and for almost half-an-hour made the forest ring again with the peals of that solitary church bell. As he rang the congregation came, dressed—yes, dressed, more or less (usually less), in all the clothes they possessed. Two of the crowd were fully rigged, except boots. One in grey, fit for Blackpool, another in white, fit for Southport. These two aspired to distinction. Two girls were dressed in beads, plaited into the hair, fitting like close caps, and never again to be taken off. Mission boys were gay in many-coloured, cheap, but specially washed shirts. The shapes were as varied as the colours. They are encouraged to make their own. The brave little wife of the missionary shrewdly holds that it is better to let them blunder than never learn. The older members of the assembling congregation were less clean and less clothed. The babies were altogether without clothes.

While the bell yet rang, Inyau, the head boy, drew up the scholars in the open space, marched them up and down with " Right, left, right, left," until the bell ceased, and the missionary appeared, followed by his wife and their fascinating girl, and the more solemn big "white hiefs "—the deputation. A semi-circle drew round the entrance to the new building. Here a white ribbon

was stretched across the doorway on the outside of the porch. There is no door as yet. A hymn and a prayer in the Ila, and then Bazande, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerswell, handed to Mr. Councillor Albert Shaw, J.P., a native battleaxe. Holding a new wooden mallet under the white ribbon, he chopped it through, one end falling to the right and the other to the left. This was the novel way of opening the door of the new building for " the worship of Almighty God." The congregation, almost 200 strong, swiftly filed in. " Forward, Christian Soldiers," was the opening hymn, sung with swing and gusto, showing pearly white teeth behind black lips all over the building. Half the congregation used hymn books, a wondrous thing in these brief years. All were attentive and on almost perfect behaviour. The recital of the Ten Commandments was a happy feature to the service. They need these ten words.

The most casual acquaintance with their manner of life makes evident the wondrous aptness of this ancient law. To cease to do evil is among the first things for all these African tribes, and " Six days shalt thou labour " is much more necessary teaching than in any other land under the sun. The seventh day in which " thou shalt do no manner of work " needs no enforcing. They rest every day, at least they try to. Perhaps they should not be blamed. They only need 10s. a year to pay the tax, and a trifle to get a blanket. All their other needs are met by the digging of their wives. They can sit in the village and smoke. That is life indeed. Work is so unnecessary and so unbecoming that many of them question the standing of the missionaries. They cannot be chiefs—chiefs never work. So the Fourth Commandment is not to be omitted in Africa or anywhere else.

But this is a digression. The opening sermon preached by the writer and translated by Mr. Kerswell explained that the House of God is the gate of heaven. It has been the way to the best things. These heathen faces lit up with evident understanding of the message. Perhaps the Holy Spirit gave a vision of the day when the heathen hut would be replaced by the Christian home, and the dread of evil spirits by confidence in the living God; all the degrading practices of Central Africa superseded by New Testament faith and conduct; and all the dread mysteries of "sacred places" by the clear hope of everlasting life. So we pray. Mr. Shaw spoke some words in season.

Of the building itself it is only necessary to say that it conforms to the earliest Primitive style of architecture. The previous buildings were of poles and mud. This is of brick made on the spot. There are fourteen spaces in the walls called windows. They are ample to admit the light, but none too large or numerous to let out that indelicate odour peculiar to native audiences. The pulpit and forms are of native timber. There is a well-clamped open roof covered with iron. The seating is for about 300 worshippers, but 500 natives would easily find accommodation. With the assistance of the missionaries the natives have practically done everything. That in itself is an education. Such buildings, dotted here and there in these African forests, mean much. They foretell the day when all the temporising mud huts and grain bins of the continent will be replaced by buildings of a worthy order, and every missionary knows that the doing of this will be a process of grace, saving the people.

P.S.—The pulpit cloth was made by Mrs. Kerswell, herself a devoted missionary, from material sent for the purpose by Mrs. Smith, of St. Annes-on-Sea, so

Home and Foreign Missions are linked in service to Africa and Christ.

The influence of this Mission reaches far and wide. Fifty boys and ten married families are in residence. The school is the outstanding feature of the work. The future influence of these boys in all that country is incalculable. They are gathered from long distances. The surrounding population is meagre, and owing to the tsetse is decreasing; so much so, that it is already resolved to move the basis of the Mission to a more populous centre, twenty miles south, and continue Nambala as an outstation under a capable native teacher. This new move will be safe in the capable hands of Mr. Kerswell.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

THERE are many delights about an African journey in these days, if you have learnt the great art of taking things philosophically, and ignoring trouble. This is specially so on trek. Fastidiousness must be dropped overboard on the way out. Then you may have as much pleasure as is good for you in what we were taught to regard as " this vale of tears." These brief notes are being written by the Camp Fire. We are at the end of a full and glorious day. Treking from Nambala to Nanzela in what is turning out to be rather a round-about way. We are Israelites indeed. The journey will be about one hundred miles. Some twenty boys are with us carrying our belongings. We ride on bikes where the roads allow, but that is not often. It is necessary to trek in Africa to discover on what paths called roads a cycle can be used. After these journeys my friend Shaw and I shall be ready for a cycling match on the worst by-paths in Old England with the best riders the Connexion can produce.

The day began about 5 a.m., with porridge, biscuits, and coffee. Tents were taken down, bags and bundles packed, and we were on our way before 7 o'clock. We have done just over twenty miles through an area infested with the tsetse fly, the pest of domestic cattle, the cause of sleeping sickness, and the agony of all travellers. We have, of course, been bitten with almost every passing minute, and while I write they are still busy. But this is not all. By the time they have finished for the day, the mosquito will be ready

to take up the tale. These two orders of pests have their working arrangement, like allies, so that there shall be no rest for man or beast by day or by night. But that is a digression. On our arrival at the village (Mayoge) the chief and his head men came, in Africa fashion, to greet us. Although the Bwila are a war-like people, and heathen beyond most, they have their delicate and never-neglected courtesies to all travellers. We were a little uncertain about our bearings, and when greetings were exchanged with great deliberation, Mr. Kerswell held a lengthy conversation *re* the way we had come. Maps with compass seemed to greatly interest the chief and his men. Here were some new things under the sun. Satisfaction being reached about the road, the men retired, and the women folk leisurely drew near. Half a dozen of them brought goods for sale, flour, eggs, and two ancient-looking chicken. A few yards of print purchased the lot. Then the tents were erected for the night, the usual sponge-down and evening meal followed, and then the folding chairs were stretched to their full and we sat to gaze at the camp fire, and away up into the glories of the African sky.

Almost before this began quite an imposing deputation advanced to where we sat. Our leader had requested the carriers to collect the necessary wood for the midnight fire. This involved a journey into the forest about five minutes away. The ten boys in the deputation had come to explain that they were so tired and dead-beat after the tramp of the day that they could not collect wood until after they had taken food ; but that would not do, wood first was the demand, and with the ready obedience of well-trained natives, away they went to the forest. And while I write, the evening air is vocal with their merry chatter

and shouts of glee. This needs to be explained. When we reached the village they at once sighted game. They have splendid eyes. Following their noiseless direction, Mr. Kerswell with rifle, stealthily moved under cover of a huge ant-hill, we heard the report of the shot, and in a few minutes the boys marched into the camp with a fine reedbuck, perhaps sixty pounds in weight. The chief who had brought the present of flour carried away the skin with the glee of a schoolboy, and the boys stood round until every ounce of the animal had been distributed among them. They are now sitting round their camp fires like boys on the 5th of November, pushing not potatoes but bits of reedbuck into the fire until it frizzles, and then without even salt it is disappearing as by dissolving view, without a lantern. When they fall on sleep to-night there will not be an ounce of reedbuck left. The African is in very deed a carnivorous animal. A native Commissioner, with whom we had dinner a night or two later, assured us that the night before his boys had eaten a buffalo, and it worked out at over seven pounds of meat each. The thought of it!

The chatter goes with the meal. To one unacquainted with the language it is a continuous tower of Babel. They are born talkers, with clear rhythmic speech. In the silence of an African forest every word rings like a bell.

We sit by the camp fire. It is made of thirty or forty branches and trunks of trees. There is no shortage of wood. It is the end of the dry season, and fallen trees under the African sun are dried through and through. They are felled mostly by the white ants. The moment any tree shows the least sign of decay, these ever-present insects are ready to erect their clay works at the trunk and fell the tree. The forests are

bestrewn with fallen timber. All such trees speak in the camp fire. Their crackle tells many strange tales of the African wild. Of travellers, and traders, of wild animals, and many plumed birds that have talked and sang in the branches. Some day I shall write down the strange chatter of the camp fire.

At present I am wondering what of the night. The forest is full of wildest animals. The spoor of the lion was on the path as we came in here. Will he come forth in the night hours seeking his midnight meal in the camp? In any case we make the biggest fire we can before the door of the tent, that more than anything else will scare the king of the forest. We talk of the journey of the day, of the programme of the morrow, of the work of the mission, the future of the dark continent, and, alas, of the war now raging in Europe, and with prayer to the Father of all mercies, and tender thoughts of loved ones far, far away, we betake ourselves to our tents for another night in the African forest.

A SUNDAY AT NANZELA.

WE got there in time, but it was no ordinary task. The week that preceded the day led through parts of Africa seldom visited by any white man, and we did it in such a round about way, that, as the days—weary days—wore on we almost despaired of reaching Nanzela in time. To secure a scuffled path, that is a road from which bush was cleared, we treked sixty miles due west from Nambala, and followed this a further ten or more miles south-west to Chombwa, and all through the tsetse fly area, until we were stung on almost every part of our anatomy, and burning as if pricked with red-hot needles. We shall always remember the experience with a shudder. It availed little to take precautions. The flies were too alert and too many, and far too active. When they got their sting in with a prick, and you came down on them with a resounding slap, like the Irishman's flea, when you hit it, it was not there. If by lightning speed you killed one in the act, from three to six others immediately came to his funeral. He destroys dogs and cattle like a plague. Where he gathers his armies there is swift destruction. The Government is powerless; scientists put forth their theories in vain. What will be done no man can say. But at present the tsetse fly controls large agricultural areas of Africa. Where he goes, cattle ploughing ceases, and for want of food, people perish or go elsewhere. But for insects and shortage of rain, Africa would be a Paradise.

But seventy miles of torture did not lead to Nanzela on this great trek. Almost as many more miles led

through forests, across plains, over river-beds, carried on the backs of natives; another day crossing in a "dug-out" boat, and finally a midnight trek in an ox-wagon. This finished the week. More than twenty-five miles in the day, with little to eat and less to drink, reconciled us to sitting on the top of the loaded ox-wagon, for the last ten miles. This was a new experience. An awful road; a wagon without springs; a driver flitted from side to side round the tail of the wagon, slashing his long whip. Talk of yelling! screaming! or swearing! If all these discordant noises could be multiplied and intensified a hundredfold, they would faintly represent the Babel emitted from that driver's throat.

At 11.30 p.m. we reached the place to sleep. The forerunners had two camp fires ablaze on our arrival. The boys unloaded the wagon, erected the tents, put up the beds, cooked a meal, the astonished native villagers leaving their huts with yelling dogs, crowing cocks, and lowing cattle, crept forth to greet us. It was a sight for the gods. The moon was getting up, the stars shone forth with African brilliancy, apart from the chatter of the camp, and adjacent village, all was quiet as a grave. Animals were silent in the surrounding forest. Birds were asleep. East, West, North and South were two thousand miles of limitless veldt stretching to the coasts of this mighty land.

By 12.30 p.m. we had crept under our mosquito nets seeking rest. But not for long, and not for sleep. Tired boys slept in the open by the camp fire, and how some snored! No wonder the wild animals were at bay. The sounds from the sleepers open mouths would have scared the most ferocious beast that ever walked.

By 5 a.m. we turned out for the last eleven miles to

Nanzela. Tents were down in double-quick time, the oxen yoked, the slash of the whip awoke the last sleeper of the village, and amid an astonished on-looking crowd, we set forth. On eleven miles of sandy road cycles were useless. Sore bones warned us off the ox-wagon, so on we walked. It was the early quiet of an African Sabbath morning. Animals here and there, disturbed by our advance, hastened full tilt into the interior. By ten o'clock we sighted the Mission station at the top of a ploughed field, and a few minutes later found us receiving the most cordial of welcomes from Mrs. Price and Miss Barlow, and in the distance a score of natives, who were eagerly anticipating the advent of the white chiefs.

We feared the great thirst with which we arrived would never be quenched. But the lemon trees of the Mission grounds and the river Nanzela availed. That morning in the Mission house was heaven. Here was Christian civilisation in the desert. An illustration of what is to take place in every part of that vast land.

It was hoped that the new church would be ready for opening. But that could not be. The services were not less special. The whole place seemed animated with life, stir, and excitement. Natives had turned out in full strength and clad in their best—their all. At the sound of the second bell the church filled to the doors. The white-washed walls, open roof of poles, thatched roof, mud floor, and seats were all in keeping with the dark-faced, barely-clad congregation. Close up to the front rows of keen-eyed boys, sitting close as sardines, loose lips, shining white teeth, curly heads, strings round their loins, with the merest rag of clothing—really bright little chaps, eyeing us through and through. Behind these sat bigger lads, with the same characteristic faces, and a little more clothing

Then further down the church young fellows clad throughout, cheap, varied, strangely assorted, but all clean; and last of all, behind these, the men of the Mission, strong, athlete, well set up, some with Baila cones and brass nails at the back of the head, but all wearing some clothing, at and least the marks of a slowly-dawning civilisation. So right to the door. On the other side of the building sat the girls and the women. Fully clothed in gay print on the front seats were the Christian women, several with bright-eyed, jet black babies. Altogether an eager, reverent, attentive congregation. No missionary could have craved a finer opportunity. Usually the preacher on these mission stations is also the precentor; in this case it was the missionary's wife. "All hail the power" went with a fine swing. There was no reservation of vocal strength anywhere. It was more than a "joyful noise unto the Lord." It was a whole-hearted outpouring of voice and soul. At its close a great hush fell on the congregation, all heads were bowed, while the creed and the Lord's Prayer were recited. Another hymn, lesson, hymn, and then I preached, telling the old story of the Tower, taller than a palm tree, and why these people were said to have built it, and what it meant to Africa and those present. How their eyes glistened as they drank it all in through the interpreting lips of Mr. Price! Then came the event of the service. Four young men and two young women, after lengthy probation and residence on the Mission, were to be publicly baptised, and thereby admitted to the full privileges and responsibilities of Church membership. They stepped to the front, made confession of their faith, were baptised kneeling. Mr. Shaw gave them Christian counsel on life and duty to the Church. A hymn and prayer closed the memorable service.

Then came a pleasing event. At least thirty of the men foregathered to the verandah of the house and sat on the ground for their weekly talk with Mr. Price. He calls them his old men. Is proud of their friendship, their confidence, and they are proud of him and of this general talk every Sunday morning. It was about the easiest meeting that we had witnessed in Africa. The Moruti in his element, and the men all ears, eyes, and confiding confidence. No theme, but the general wish for a talk. Nothing could better suit the missionary or provide for influencing character. It is not surprising that missionary and men count it a golden hour of the week.

But the afternoon provided the climax. It was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A meeting exclusively for church members. There were some absentees we heard, being away in their villages. But eleven young men and six women aged from 16 to 26 or thereabouts, attended. It was a quiet, solemn time. They were counselled by the writer on the wonder and meaning of the love of God and the demand of love in return. He showed his love for us by dying on the Cross; we are to prove our love by living for Him. They repeated the Commandments with musical responses, received the elements, and three of them led in prayer. While singing a hymn they brought their quarterly contributions and placed them on the Communion table. They averaged more than two shillings per member, and these people earn fourpence a day as carriers, and from five to ten shillings a week as artisans. Everything about the service was encouraging. Here in the midst of Dark Africa were a few sincerely pious souls, the first-fruits of a great harvest—sure as the promises of God.

Before the sun set on this memorable Sabbath, one

of the married boys came to the missionary with a significant letter. It was written with his own hand. He had learned to read and write in the Mission School. Here is a copy :—

REV. MWAMI tuea lumba chinichino ku bona bami babo okutelelamakani abo nda tanzala chinichin pele ndu usa ukuti twina shidio shibadia lnzho Mwami bashimwine ati nda ba yazila mombe badil buzane bobo bu batu nda usa kubula shidio shibatu bele babo.

Ndime muzhike wako DAVIDA MUBITANA.

Translation by the Rev. J. W. Price :

REV. SIR,—We give great thanks for seeing these chiefs and hearing their news ; I very gladly rejoice. But I am sorry that we have not any food of the kind they eat. Now, sir, tell them that I shall kill them an ox that they may eat this good meat. I am sorry to have no good food. This is all.

It is I thy slave, DAVIDA MUBITANA

And there stood Davida with the ox on the end of a piece of rope. He held out the rope to me.

African custom demanded that the ox should be accepted. This was done, with great pomp and the many and repeated expressions of profound thanks. Then I requested that it should be slaughtered and brought ready for use. And so for two days there was " meat we could eat." The ox was worth five pounds. How long would it take this boy to save that amount? And yet he voluntarily gave it away. Here is liberality.

And the sequel? On our return to England a present was sent to that boy and his wife. It was a highly-coloured Indian bedspead, costing a few

shillings. It reached the Mission on Christmas Day. Mrs. Price, handing it to the delighted pair, explained its use. But lo and behold, so I am informed, the next Sunday morning found Davida's wife in church with the bedspread as her best frock.

I have since received the following letter from Davida :—

> REV. MWAMI zhiba Mwami kuti twa kabona isane Inzho twa lumbo chinichini cha kutanzala ku maanza a bami oku pona tu chipopa kabotu tonse tu banako ku luse lwa Leza tatesu tudi kwete cholwe mwaka weno nyu mwatuswaya ukuti twa yona meszhi manjimanji kwa Leza miunda yebu ya—mena kabotu luzho tatu maluba dianse Namupone ku luse lwa Leza ushesu.
>
> Ndime muzhike wenu DAVIDA MUBITANA.

(*Translation.*)

> REV. SIR,—Know, sir, that we received the cloth. We are very grateful and glad for the kindness of the chiefs. As to our life, we all, thy children, still live well by the mercy of God our Father. We are fortunate this year that you have visited us in that we have received from God an abundance of rain, our fields are growing well, and we shall remember you always.
>
> May you live well by the mercy of God our Father.
>
> It is I thy servant (slave),
>
> DAVID MUBITANA.

So that Davida not only got a new frock for his wife, but plenty of rain as a result of our visit. In going about, one seems to do some things unconsciously.

This letter reminds me of a native letter I saw and copied on the Zambesi. It was written by the native

teacher at Kampilu. It is not perfect in style, but here it is :—

"On the 29th of June, 1913, lions visited us, and they killed my dog Touzer, it was on the night of June. On the night of July 6th, 1913, they turned up, some went into the Boys' compound for the goats, however none of the goats missed; the only thing the following dogs died :—Flow, and Rough, Muluti shall he if pleases understand Rough nearly died on the 29/6/1913, but was saved and one named Gipsy though both got some wounds. But on this Sunday as Rough was sleeping near my house, the lion in pursuit of it came to my house, and there it had to lie down just beside my door, and got quite mixed up what to do, and could not disturb it, for I was afraid to be taken though I had my Rifle well loaded. So Rough and Flow died, what shall to bark for was I do not know, if this lion keeps doing this sort of a kind we shall soon leave the station."

The Nanzela Mission covers the earliest area of our Rhodesian work. It began more than twenty years ago, while the oldest of the other fields in South Central Africa goes back less than half that time. This longer period has borne fruit. The impression seems deeper and stronger in every way. Some of the best boys on other stations were trained here. Scores of youths have gone to various positions down country.

We found no less than sixteen in the native police band at Livingstone. The others have entered the Government Service. The Mission has produced a class of boy everywhere in demand. These removals keep down the Mission statistics, but they are permeating the country with Christian influences. There

are seventeen natives in Church membership, seventy scholars attending the school, and an average congregation of about 150 adults.

There is a small colony of Christians with five huts. That Christian village stood in marked contrast to the heathen village half a mile away. The one was filthy and unkempt, the other clean and cared for in every way. It illustrated the uplifting power of the Mission. Beyond all this there are many evidences of the widespread influence of the work. The whole area for miles around is, on the testimony of native commissioners, farmers, and others, vastly improved by the labours of the last twenty years. No one could be in this atmosphere without giving God thanks.

The station has nineteen outposts, the chief of which is N'kala, with its "God's Acre," with ever-tender memories; a new church is being erected here. The people are taking a genuine interest in its erection. Offering their gifts. Long grass they have gathered from the plains for thatching, or poles they have cut from the forest, or money or labour. Liberality is being evoked in the converts. Preaching services are held in more than twenty villages, covering an area of thirty miles and reaching some 7,000 people on this mission.

FIRST GIFT OF GRASS FOR THATCHING NEW CHURCH AT NANZELA

DAVIDA GIVES AN OX.

ON THE
BANKS OF THE ORANGE RIVER.

THE run down country is a cinema of civilisation. The pictures improve as they come. The unclothed native puts on a yard of cloth, then a shirt, next he adds pants, later a slouching brimmed hat, and so on until in the Transvaal towns and Cape Province, he is fully-rigged. All this is symptomatic. Everything seen in the progress of the journey corresponds. It is an ascent in civilisation as you descend from Africa's central plateau towards the south coast.

Bulawayo and Khama's country prepare for the great advance at Johannesburg. The splendour of this city is surprising. It goes back less than twenty years, yet its chief buildings are worthy of any city in the Empire. Gold-mining and civic statesmanship have made it great. The De Beers Companies alone have a capital of £80,000,000, with a current rate of £400,000 profit a year. The population of this fair city, with its delightful suburbs, is over 250,000, about equally divided between white and black.

Three small Primitive Methodist Churches have been established, and loyal souls from the Old Country, as they all delight to call it, gave us royal welcome. All the services were well attended, and enthusiastic. Extension of the work is essential, but the costs will be enormous. A six-roomed house is rented at about £14 a month. Other charges correspond.

Natives from Aliwal North Mission Schools are on the Rand which stretches through the gold-mining area for sixty miles. They work in the mines, and do all kinds of unskilled labour. They cherish thankful memories of help in our schools and churches, three hundred miles south, and scores of them are now associated with native churches. Knowledge of our visit had reached them, and they came with their requests: they wanted teachers, Primitive Methodist churches, the privilege of belonging to the denomination which had led them into the way of life. One of these was a native minister, who had established eight native churches on the Rand, with almost three hundred members, nineteen coloured local preachers, and a going circuit organisation.

Another was a coloured woman, Mrs. Bosch, who had, with others, established a cause and built a church at Eavton, a fine location outside Johannesburg. They all wanted to be received into the fellowship of our church. Fruits of Aliwal North work never reported to the Conference, but now offering itself in this delightful way.

Among these hundred and more thousands of natives on the mining reefs of Johannesburg there is one of the finest spheres for mission work on the African Continent. We are giving them the dangers of our civilisation—they need the safeguards of Christianity.

Through the Orange Free State and Bloemfontein to Aliwal North is through wheat, wool, diamond and cattle fields galore. Rejoicing prosperity marks every stage of the journey, and Dutch farmers and churches are everywhere in evidence.

Since Aliwal North, with other areas, was recognised

in 1869, as British territory, its progress has been most marked. There is no wonder. Centrally situated for a vast farming area, served by the Orange River and rail, at an altitude of 4,350 feet above sea-level, and a population of 5,000, it has become famous for business and health. The streets are wide and well-kept, every one lined on each side with luxuriant trees of various kinds. Some of the streets are perfect avenues, affording shade from the sun on the hottest days. All streets are watered by well-made furrows beside the pavements, conveying the overflow waters from the abundant mineral springs a mile above the town.

A small but beautiful public park is in the centre of the town, and there are first-class hotels well patronised.

We tried to visit the Aliwal North Station, but how could we travel to ninety outposts and see the work on seventy farmsteads, 116 miles north to south, and 140 east to west. Time and strength failed. But the chief places were seen.

Christ Church stands on a corner site in the best road in Aliwal, and is a fine centre of manifold activities. It has a good congregation of Europeans, able officials, and great influence in the town. The Rev. George Ayre has sustained the high traditions of the superintendency, and become a leading citizen.

The native church property at Aliwal is perhaps the finest in South Africa, a brick church, splendidly built, beautifully finished with pitch-pine within and seating 1,000 worshippers. It stands in an acre of ground. The value is £3,000, and it is debtless. The Rev. Jacob Mohau, the native minister, is well received and rendering fine service. The leaders and members gave us a great welcome at the Sunday afternoon worship and presented an address.

The Location Church and Half-Caste Church are flourishing, and all the schools are well attended.

The native work is extensive and thriving throughout the station. After what we saw in Rhodesia the work in the Aliwal area impressed us as being in an advanced stage of development. Large congregations of thoroughly interested, enthusiastic, and devout natives met us at Jamestown, Rouxville, Bethulie, Aliwal, and other centres. The Dutch, Basuto, and Kaffir languages are used. About one-fourth of the congregations know English. Hymn-books and Bibles are in general use. Singing is excellent. Churches are regularly full, native leaders and one hundred local preachers are eager and whole-hearted in the work. To witness all this was a joy unspeakable.

At Rouxville, where a junior missionary is in charge, at five hours' notice a congregation of 350 natives met us on a week night. A native choir led the singing, and rendered an anthem. The full, mellow voices of the women and the rolling, sonorous bass of the men producing inspiring effects. Coloured local preachers and leaders spoke words of welcome in Kaffir and Basuto, one of their number putting both into good English for our benefit. A native explained that they had heard that we intended to commence a medical mission up-country, and they had thought that they would like to assist, so they had made a special collection among themselves, and here was £1 19s. 9d.—would I take it? It was in copper. But it meant gold and rubies. The saved heathen was feeling pity for others, and giving sacrificial help. And there are almost two thousand of these natives in church membership on this great station. It is a fact to be pondered.

ORANGE RIVER, ALIWAL NORTH.

SOMERSET STREET, ALIWAL NORTH.

A brief visit to Jamestown, thirty-five miles out, enabled us to see the new stone church then being erected as the "Kidwell Memorial." It is a fitting memorial to a worthy life. The outlay is over £1,400. The widow of the late Mr. Kidwell and children have given generous support, and the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Kidwell deserve hearty congratulations on being able to raise the entire cost.

The native church and day school is a splendid feature of our work in this Dutch township. A capable native minister is in charge.

FOLLOW THE SPOOR.

WE set out for Duikerdale, eight miles from Kafue. We had accepted an invitation to spend the day with a settler and his wife from Lincolnshire. They were farming 6,000 acres in the Kafue Valley. They had gone into the wild four years previously, built a grass hut for residence, staked out their acres, secured a few sheep and oxen, and began to bring this purely virgin soil under cultivation. A useful and romantic task. They had been advised of our prospective visit to Kafue, and promised kindly assistance. On the Saturday of August Bank Holiday the Rhodesian express dropped us at Kafue Bridge. A small, but most promising township. Our friend, for so he proved, was at the station, which seemed overrun with farmers and their boys. We were soon fixed up at the only hotel yet built in the prospective township, and under a promise to cycle out eight miles to Duikerdale, the farmer's home, the following morning. Before the sun was well up we set forth. The road lay through an unfrequented African forest. It simply led to the eight or ten big farms in the Kafue Valley. It was toward the end of the dry season, with a burning sun every day registering 100 degrees, and it was not surprising that the roads were thick with sand, dust, and yet more dust, thick and thicker. To find the side with the least sand, and the firmest road, was the problem. We did not know the way, but we had learnt at least one thing. While travelling in the Zambesi Valley and forests, we had been told to follow the spoor—the imprint left on the sandy road by those

who had preceded us. Our farmer friend had cycled home at sundown on the previous day. He knew the road perfectly, and would easily pick the best track. The spoor of his wheel was in the sand. Now on this side, then on that, frequently leaving the main road and wending between the trees along an almost sandless and hard footpath, then darting back to the main highway again. We strained our eyes to see and follow this spoor. But five miles out a change came over the road. We simply lost all trace of the trail, and alighted to view the situation. On, in the distance, we sighted a building standing on rising ground, and built of red brick. Probably that was our destination. On we went. At the end of about two miles the road shot through cultivated land, with the red building in the distance. There was no trace of spoor, but on we went. Three natives crept forth, from we know not where. We asked for "Macalbander"—the farmer's *native* name. But, as we afterwards found, owing to clumsy pronunciation, they did not understand. On the brow of the hill beyond the red building, which turned out to be a tobacco drying furnace, stood a farmhouse. We pushed on to find that Macalbander did not reside there, but away over the fields on the distant hillside. Retracing a mile or more at the junction of the roads, we found our old guide the spoor running to the left—following it on and on, from side to side, through the well-cultivated acres until we reached Duikerdale, our haven of rest for the day.

The same lesson came to us in the forests. The missionary and the boys pulled us up in our tramps and pointed breathlessly to the marks in the sand—the spoor of the elephant, or the buck, or the zebra, wild pig, or the lion. A glance told their identity to these keen-eyed dwellers in the wild. Natives out with

hunters will follow the spoor as dogs follow the scent. Many a wild animal owes its capture to its spoor. Where he trod he could be followed and hunted to the death. Mr. Fell tells of one with a toe short. It was terrorising the district. It wandered about by day and night. It had accounted for six people. It was, therefore, not a very welcome visitor. It had gone through the garden quite a number of times. One morning it came into the camp and burst through the wire gauze at the dining-room end of the verandah. Tiny was lying there with her puppies. She escaped without harm. Then the lion walked round to the end of the house. Mrs. Fell could see it through the window, although it was only 4 a.m. It was gradually drawing closer, so Mr. Fell eventually fired into the air and frightened it way. He was sorry that he had no chance of shooting at it. When daylight came they saw the spoor, and lo, it was the one with the missing toe. The feelings of Mrs. Fell can be imagined. At 3.30 the next morning, with the rain falling in torrents, and almost too black to see anything, they were awakened by a tremendous roar just outside the bedroom. The two dogs, Badger and Paddy, were chained just in front of the window. They were frantic, and the lion was making enough noise for a whole Zoo. Mr. Fell jumped out of bed, seized his gun, pushed it through the gauge of the window, and getting a glimpse at the brute about five yards away, he fired. It made a spring at that moment, came to within a foot of Badger and about three yards from the window. But it was hit. It roared furiously and cleared. At daybreak they found it quite dead just outside the fence, and it was the one with the missing toe. The people were all delighted that Mr. Fell had shot his first lion.

During the August Sunday afternoon at Duikerdale

all this became a parable. In the long, long ago the Greatest Chief among the tribes of men called one and another to go with him on his journeyings. He wished to give them training in the ways of life and make them good guides along its high roads and by-paths. Roads were so difficult and right roads hard to keep, because of alluring by-ways. Every traveller was new to the country; he had not been that way before. So it is recorded that the Chief who knew all the roads and the risks, trained twelve and then seventy guides and sent them forth into all the world to teach others. To follow that spoor is, I am convinced, the chief need in Africa. Its millions of men, women, and children will find the right road and keep it when enough men have been trained to point it out. Only Africans can ultimately save Africa. The Tiger Kloof Native Training Institution is established on this fixed conviction. Natives are to be trained to do what Europeans can at best only do in part, and they are to gradually and finally supersede them all. Lovedale, Bensonvale, Calabar, and all the other training centres are working for the same end. Our Oron and Jamestown Institutes have the same end in view. Our journey in South Central Africa has established the conviction that the chief thing now to be done in Northern Rhodesia is to follow the spoor.

On the one hand, are boys in our own schools waiting to be trained; on the other hand, there is urgent and widespread demand for teachers and native preachers. If these were ready we could place a dozen right away in centres of population through whose villages we passed.

At present there is no such training institution in that great land, and since our men have reduced the languages of one great area to writing, established the

first Book Store, and have the complete confidence of Government officials, settlers, and natives, it seems to be our providential lot to immediately establish such a Training Institution. It would be of use to all the missionary societies working in Northern Rhodesia. Later on the Government may give financial aid, but in any case a Training Institution is the greatest need of the country. The Great Head of the Church may intend the sons of Hugh Bourne and William Clowes to meet the greatset need.

A Kaffir proverb says, "The Dawn does not come twice to awaken a man."

OCEAN TRAVEL IN WAR TIME.

THE homeward voyage really began the day we left Nanzela with some thirty carriers. But the trek was so much like much that had gone before that we only began to feel that we were on the homeward way when we struck the rail at Kalomo. Going there instead of to Choma was the first departure of importance from our plans. Some ill-informed or highly-imaginative mortal had brought the intelligence that small-pox was on the road to Choma, and, although we wished to take that course for the sake of visiting the Marchie and Universities Missions, we naturally gave it a wide berth and journeyed direct to Kalomo, forty miles to the south-west.

Kalomo is the old Government station of Northern Rhodesia. The camp is three miles from the railway, and because the buildings are there, the Post Office and Telegraphic departments are there too, away from the railway and people. The ways of officialdom are often past finding justification. After a tiresome two or three days' wait for a train, we steamed towards Victoria Falls Bridge, which we found guarded against German invasion. Armed soldiers watched the Bridge and continued southward to beyond the Falls Station and Hotel. This was our first point of contact with the calamitous war. German South-West Africa reaches within thirty miles of the Rhodesian railway where we passed. As the days and nights wore on we reached Bulawayo, then Johannesburg, and thence on to Aliwal North, and finally on to the Cape. On the latter stage of the journey 200 troops joined the train,

and this reduced the food supplies to two scratch meals a day. Two meals in twenty-four hours brought us face to face with the agonies of hunger and made us think furiously.

From Aliwal North to Cape Town is for the most part a delightful run through some of the finest scenery we saw in Africa. The Hex Mountains, clad with snow, bring splendid relief to sunburnt faces fresh from Rhodesia. The magnificent mountains, well-watered plains, forests of green trees, and well-fed sheep and cattle, are a delight after the brown, parched and barren uplands of the semi-tropics. It is not surprising that the white population prefers to stay South. It is difficult to imagine why they should ever go North. Our stay in Cape Town, confined to a few brief hours, was mostly spent in sleep—for we had been three nights in the train.

Standing on the deck of the *Kildonan Castle*, while the cargo was getting aboard, we had another forceful reminder of the war. Strains of martial music were heard in the distance. Along the quay we saw an advancing contingent of soldiers accompanied by a mounted officer. They marched to the gang-way of the ship, were drawn up in " attention " ; a crowd gathered, while the music filled the air. The blue waters of the dock looked up to the clear blue of the African sky, and Table Mountain, calm, majestic, keeping sentinel over the town, never seemed more sublime than amid the agitation and tumult of that hour.

" You," said the officer on the prancing charger, addressing the men in khaki, " you have the great privilege of giving your lives for your country. Few men are so honoured. Go forward. Be brave. You serve King and country, and God defend the right," and then, after an agonising pause in which many on-

looking eyes were moist, he shouted, " Dismiss," and they fell into the congratulations and eager handshakings of wives, mothers, and girl-lovers, perhaps for the last time. Such agonising scenes fling into heavenly contrast the message of peace and goodwill among men, and make one despise the names of those who delight in war.

These greater considerations were not drowned by the " Rule Britannia " or " Shall Old Acquaintance be Forgot," or " God Save the King," played by the band.

From the moment the last bell had rung and the gangway was pulled off, all on board began to wonder what kind of a voyage awaited us. Rumour told of boats being captured by the enemy or blown up by naval mines. Three German vessels, prizes of war, lay within sight in Cape Town Harbour. What fate or good fortune awaited us ? Loved ones in the homeland, most anxious for our return, had sent repeated messages that we had better stay a year than take any great risk. Whether the danger of ocean travel would grow less or more, had been repeatedly discussed. Was not the German Navy bottled in the Kiel Canal ? Had we not read that there was " not a German boat in the German Ocean " ? Was not the South Atlantic one of the safest seas to sail ? And were there not important reasons for facing the risk now rather than deferring it indefinitely ? This council had prevailed, and so we were aboard, trusting in God, and the good seamenship of Britain and her Allies.

The sail out of Cape Town Harbour is one of the most lovely sights of ocean travel. Seen on this glorious Saturday afternoon, it was at its best. The gay town of spacious streets with their tall white buildings, and vine-clad gardens, skirting the graceful slopes of the mountains, were a picture never to be

forgotten. Sailing through the waters, blue as Geneva, the scene gradually faded into the distance like a dream divine. But as it disappeared and the sun set and the darkness swiftly fell, another reminder of these troubled times came apace. The ship's decks remained in darkness. We were to travel without lights. There would be seventeen nights at least. The sun setting at six o'clock. No evening games on deck, no lights for reading or writing. The prospect seemed foreboding. But all disadvantages in this world have their advantages. It was a new experience to sit on deck in the thick darkness of moonless nights. It provided time for thought or conversation on all sorts of themes with men and women of many nationalities, religions, philosophies, politics, and diverse views. It filled the night-air with moving spectres—ghosts just discernible in the light reflected from the phosphorescence of the ocean wave, and, most of all, it gave the youths and maidens aboard the time of their lives. Under normal circumstances of ocean travel it is the wont of such to seek the quiet and shaded corners of the deck. The less-lighted upper deck being the upper heaven of lovers; but on this voyage all positions were "alike good," and every place was "holy ground."

When the *Kildonan* had, with a good sea, completed her first thousand miles, and we were passing the coast of German South-West Africa, the following notice—for reasons unstated—was posted in the companion-way of the second-class saloon:—

"LIFE-BELT PRACTICE.

"A demonstration of the proper mode of fitting Life Jackets will take place in the second saloon at 4.30 to-day.

"An officer will be present and a steward will be

in attendance to give the necessary information.
Bring your own Life-belt from your own cabin.

"G. W. ARMSTRONG, *Commander.*

Oct. 6th, 1914."

We dutifully attended this practice, and were assured by the officer that a man wearing a life-jacket could float twenty-four hours in the sea. The next day passengers heard the sudden blast of the fog-horn from the top of the ship's main funnel. With the utmost speed there appeared on the upper deck almost a hundred of the ship's crew carrying bundles of rugs, huge tins of biscuits, corned beef, and bottles of mineral waters. They took up position in a long line, cool as cucumbers, each with a life-jacket already tied on. What did it mean? Passengers had no warning, but old salts soon divined. Life-boat practice is a regular part of a ship's round on long voyages. At the sound of a steam whistle, the crew hastened to the top deck and immediately began to untie ropes, take off covers, throw rugs and tins of food into the boats, and launch them from both sides of the ship. This took less than five minutes, despite the rush of passengers anxious to see the show. At a further call every boat was pushed over the ship's side, with oars ready to take the sea. Finding all in working order and every man and boy at his post, a further sound of the whistle and all boats were pulled back into position, and the crew, in unison, taking off their life-jackets and depositing them at the appointed box, returned to their posts below. It was a fine display of promptitude and efficiency. The sixteen boats would have easily taken every passenger aboard. One noticed the rather odd fact that although the third-class passengers outnumber either the second or the

first, probably both, only two of the sixteen lifeboats are on that part of the ship. It cannot be that their lives are of less value than those with more money. That is not New Testament teaching. Perhaps it is because the aft of the ship lacks space for the carrying of more boats.

My travelling companion, after an early morning bath, walked round the deck in his dressing-gown. It was roastingly hot. "You will," said one of the officers who met him, "be fined two days' pay."

"Why?"

"For walking the deck in a dressing-gown when ladies are about."

Next morning on the first-class deck were several men marching round at an early hour in pyjamas. Approaching the said officer, my friend enquired:

"If a second-class passenger is fined two days' pay for walking the deck in a dressing-gown, what fine is imposed on a first-class passenger for doing it in pyjamas?"

The officer was equal to the occasion. "Oh," he said, "we let first-class passengers do as they like—they know no better."

The lifeboat practice alarmed several passengers. One nervous lady had a fright. "Were we to get ready for the worst?" she asked, and then added, "Lord, have mercy upon us." Judging from her appearance and later deportment, she was not on the best of terms, generally, with the Hearer of prayer. That is putting it charitably.

Following up the life-belt practice came the intelligence that we did not know to what port we were sailing. The chief engineer explained to the writer that on their previous return passage they were ordered to Plymouth, then to Falmouth, and finally to London

—anywhere but the usual port. He did not know whither we were now bound. Perhaps we should hear at Madeira—twelve days later. And so it came to pass. We sailed into this lovely bay after thirteen uneventful days at sea almost without seeing a single sail. Days through the tropics, which more than maintained their reputation for heat. Many of the passengers found it simply impossible to stay in the dining saloon throughout a meal, and when people omit meals on a calm sea there is reason. But by the time the lovely island of Maderia emerged like a fairy-land out of the deep blue sea, the northern breezes saved the situation. And here we met further evidences of the war. Three other German boats, one with a host of passengers, had put into this neutral port for safety. As the *Kildonan* dropped anchor, these unfortunate passengers crowded their decks in sheer envy. They had already been detained two months: they could not put out to sea or they would be captured by the French or British fleet. They would have to remain under the shelter of the Portuguese flag until the war was over. Away from home and friends, no one knew for how long. They had our sincerest commiserations. As we lifted anchor to speed for home and all that it means in such times as these, their hearts must have sank within them.

From Madeira on we understood that we were proceeding not to Southampton, as we expected, but to Plymouth. But even now we were not allowed to send any wireless message giving this information to our friends. Such news flung out into the air-waves might be picked up by the enemy with awful results to us.

When we had passed through the much-maligned Bay of Biscay, which was as calm as a herring-pond,

and sighted Brest on the French coast, we were in for another experience. Settled to late dinner, suddenly the engines stopped and a great quietness reigned. After many days at sea, with the thud of the engines, it is a strange sensation when they suddenly stop. The silence can be felt. Passengers looked at each other in blank amazement; half of the company immediately left the tables and rushed on deck, muttering something about "German cruiser." "Stopped at last." And so it was. A red light shone across the dark waters. A vessel of some sort was evidently bearing down upon us. On it came, other lights, green and white, appeared, and then a great searchlight fell on the stern of the ship, as if scanning for the name. By this time all were on deck and the dining saloon empty, save for the stewards.

With almost lightning rapidity the approaching boat was at our side. All were eager. What could it be? The night was pitch dark, and we were without lights. But the good news swiftly passed round that it was a French gunboat guarding the seas for the Allies. Quicker than can be told up rose mighty cheers, "Hip, hip, hurrah," from all our decks, and immediately from out of the darkness came across the waters the French crew's ringing cheers in reply. Then up rose from our decks in clear, strong tones the glorious *Marsellase*. It was one swelling chorus as the French cruiser lowered her last light and vanished into the thick darkness. Engines again commenced their mighty thuds, we were again on our way, and with comforting pride in our naval supremacy, returned to finish the meal below.

This was delay number one. Two hours later another signal was seen on the horizon. Flashing lights—Morse signalling. An officer who stood near me interpreted, "Stop immediately," was the peremptory

message. Again the engines ceased. Again we wondered. Again we saw the swift approach of the lights and the rapid exchange of flashing signals. But nothing more. All was satisfactory. Another French or British gunboat guarding our course and bid us "Steam ahead." All was safe.

In the early hours of the morning while the most of us were in our bunks, all this, we afterwards heard, was repeated. But the stop was too brief to turn out and enquire.

With the dawn we passed Falmouth and were soon within the spacious harbour of Plymouth Sound. As the day broke, ravished eyes saw not only the welcome shores of Old England, but there in the Sound lay, silently at anchor, three German merchant ships—prizes of war—brought in by British gunboats, and three Dutch vessels with cargoes of oil, also captured as contraband of war. And there, to the left, stood the tall masts of the transport ships which two days before had landed the thousands of Canadian soldiers who had come to offer their lives in loyalty to Britain's cause. Out on Plymouth's fine headland, rich with the memories of Drake and the Armada, were soldier and sailor recruits in training for the war. Flags proudly floated in the morning breeze, and the green fields stretched out beyond the mighty forts looking out to sea from every side. One never felt more proud to be a Briton or anything like so rejoiced to reach her shores.

"East, West,
Home's best."

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